

C General

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A general survey of Chinese Settlement in San Francisco.

The Chinese Settlement in San Francisco ^{According to} ~~from~~ an old-time observer has been changed into a different atmosphere since the last decade. It has ^{an} almost complete social system of its own; social, educational, commercial, religious, recreational, and other institutions.

You will find Chinese theatres on Grant and Jackson streets, social and fraternal clubs on Sacramento and Waverly place. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. on Clay and Sacramento. Self-supporting Chinese public and high schools on Stockton and Clay, schools maintained by the Chinese churches of the various denominations, homes for the orphans, grammar and junior high schools maintained by the government for the children, city and Chinese maintained libraries.

In Business & advising councils are the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Chinese labor unions, Chinese industrial promoting association. ^{There are} five Chinese daily news ^{papers} and four Chinese periodicals.

Religious worshipping: St. Mary's Chinese Catholic Center, Protestant churches, Confucius Temples, Buddhist Temple, Taoist Association, number of play grounds for the children. Public tennis courts for adults, boys and girls and swimming pools. Chinese hospital and clinic, and Herbils clinic, and home for the unemployed.

Some leading merchants are also planning to purchase a land of twenty acres in around the suburb building up an orphanage for the children in a more healthful surroundings and environment.

It is hoped that the younger generations are to be reared better citizens of the land of their birth so as to glorify their fathers or grand fathers who immigrated into this country as laborers in the early days without any opportunity of acquiring an education to improve themselves.

M. S. Lee

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Short Story

LIV
~~It was in the Lonely Night~~

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Jon Lee
Oakland

The Death of Oye Ling

First she yelled for Mother, her voice hardly audible, then her eyes held a ^{dead} death and frightening look, and so she passed away, my sister Oye Ling. It was in the lonely night of the cold winter, the rain and wind covering the city in a cloak of sadness and darkness.

Somehow I was glad for her, for now after these long years of suffering she was well, well in the sense that she no longer had to suffer anymore. Mother had warned us earlier that morning, telling us not to go near Oye Ling. She said, "Your sister Oye Ling is not well. I don't want any of you to come near the room."

My brother Quai Fong and I listened to Mother, hardly understanding what it was all about, but we saw the weary and hopeless look in her eyes, and we knew then that something was to happen.

I remembered that night very clearly, the rain was coming down in torrents, and I heard Oye Ling's loud and sickening cough echoing through the house in the early dawn of night. Somehow it made me sick. She had been like this for months, and she was getting worse. Three doctors had come to see her. But none dare to tell Mother the truth at all. But I guess Mother knew, for tried as she did, she betrayed herself that she knew that my sister Oye Ling was not ever to be well again.

Mother spent all her money on her, every cent that she and Father made, but Oye Ling did not get better. Month by month she began to get thinner, until one day when I looked at her in the sun, I became afraid, for I did not realize that this dried up shell was my sister Oye Ling.

There was a back yard near the house then, and every single day Mother would roll the bed out to the sunshine, and there my brother Quai Fong and I would play with Oye Ling. She was not coughing then, and she was much fatter. But her face was pale and green, and her eyes were away somewhere, but Oye Ling never complained about anything. Sometimes I think she must be in terrible pain, but she did not reveal it to anyone at all.

We used to sit in the sun with Oye Ling, my brother Quai Fong and I, out in the back yard, in the sun. Sometimes we would play black jack with her, and mah jong too, for we all knew how to play mah jong. I remembered one time when Oye Ling won a game, and the color rushed to her pale cheeks, then it was gone again. And she was pale, listless.

Mother came out to the yard sometime, and she would sit by my sister Oye Ling, and she said to her, "What would you like to eat tonight, Oye Ling?" And Oye Ling said in her tired voice, "I want to eat fish cooked with tomatoes." And that evening Mother would buy some tomatoes and cooked them with a large fish. Oye Ling always loved to eat tomatoes. But her face was always green.

Her sickness started very strangely too. One day suddenly she found that she had a pain in her legs. She did not say anything to Mother, and Mother did not know. But it got so worse that she could not walk. Mother knew then that something serious was wrong and she said to Oye Ling one day, "How long has your leg been bothering you?"

And Oye Ling said, "For the last two weeks."

Mother said then, "You should tell me before it has gotten

worse

~~worse~~ like this." Mother thought then, that it would be all right soon, but it was not. First Oye Ling found it very difficult to walk, and she would fall down once in awhile. Mother said that perhaps Oye Ling had sprained some muscle in her leg.

Then the days went by, and we discovered that something was wrong with my sister Oye Ling. She seemed paralyzed all of a sudden. She would sit in the chair, and then she would yell out, "I'm falling, I'm falling, " and we would have to rush quickly to her side to catch her.

Mother became afraid, and she called in a pulse reading doctor then and he said, "Perhaps she had sprained her leg." And he did nothing that would help my sister Oye Ling at all.

One day my brother's Godmother came and said, "I have heard of some very remarkable tree leaves. We take these leaves and boiled them in water, and this water is very remarkable for such cases."

Mother asked her, "Where I can get these leaves?"

And Godmother said, "Near Vallejo there are many such trees. I will get them for you the next time I go in to visit my friends."

One day Godmother came to the house and she brought with her a whole group of these leaves, and Mother boiled them in water, and with this water she bathed Oye Ling's legs. But it did not good.

Oye Ling's legs were now void of feeling, and Mother pinched them one day. Oye Ling did not feel anything at all. Then an old Chinese woman came to our house and said, "I have heard

of a very good oinment, put on with goose quills. That would help you daughter," she said to Mother.

Mother tried that ^{on} Oye Ling's legs. But it did not good.

Many months had passed by now. Oye Ling was not better.

One day Mother decided to call in an American specialist. But Ching Shee, a neighbor, who lived right above our house said, "Don't do it. They would murder your daughter for you." But Mother knew that she must do something, so she called in the American specialist. Ching Shee didn't like it, but Mother realized to delay any longer was no good.

But she did not call in a specialist. She called in a doctor, and the doctor came and said, "I will have to take her to the hospital and put some red mud on her." Mother consented, and she and my sister Oye Ling went there. Mother stayed with Oye Ling all the time that she was at the hospital.

We went up to see her one day, and Mother was crying, in the corner of the room. My brother Quai Fong cried, so did I. Why we did not know. Mother and Father whispered together many times.

Quai Fong said to me one day, "Do you think that Oye Ling is going to die?"

"Don't say that," I told Quai Fong, "Of course she is going to get well." But somehow when I said that I wished I meant it. I don't want my sister Oye Ling to die.

Oye Ling and Mother stayed at the hospital for many months. The red mud had all dried on her, but still Oye Ling could not move her legs.

Oye Ling and Mother came home one day and we were all glad. But when we saw Oye Ling, we became afraid, for she

was not looking well.

Not long after that she developed a soft dry cough, and it came now and then. We didn't think it was anything serious.

Oye Ling ^{slept} ~~sleep~~ in Mother's room, and during the last few weeks of her life, Mother did not allow Quai Hong or me to go into ~~her~~ ~~her~~ room. We noticed a faint and very peculiar odor coming out from the room. Mother was pregnant then, her stomach sticking out round and full.

My sister Oye Ling became worse, and Mother called in another doctor, and this doctor told Mother not to worry. After Oye Ling had died, the doctor told us that he knew Oye Ling was going to die, only he did not tell us, for fear that we might worry.

One night Mother went to the hospital, and she stayed there for three days. When she came back, we saw our new brother. But he was brought back to the hospital immediately.

Mother was sick, and her milk was poisonous, and the doctor said that the baby should be brought back to the hospital to be taken care of. Oye Ling was glad to see Mother back. She had developed a terrible and loud cough, spitting up strange color and a little blood. The doctor had given some pills for her, and these pills caused a lot of money. It helped Oye Ling until she died. I remembered how we ~~could~~ ^{had} ~~have~~ to phone three four times to the drug store to order these pills, and the man who delivered them to us knew that someone was going to die.

It was in the lonely night that she passed away. I cannot forget that night. I cannot. For on that very day my baby brother Choy came back from the ~~hospital~~ ^{hospital}. Mother told

me not to bring Choy into her room.

Choy kept yelling very loudly. He wanted Mother, but Mother was too busy caring for Oye Ling.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that it happened. Oye Ling was coughing loudly that night, very loudly. I became afraid earlier in the evening when she yelled out loud, "Father! Mother!" Then she was calm again. But I never forgot that yelling voice, so full of fear and lament, of death itself.

That night Quai Fong and I, with my brother Choy, went to bed. It was very dark when I heard Mother's weeping voice, echoing emptily through the house. I knew it had happened. Somehow no one had to tell me, I just knew. My brother Quai Fong said, "What is the matter?"

I said, "I think that Oye Ling had died."

And I was right. I dressed myself very quickly, and I went out to the kitchen. There Father was, standing very quietly, saying nothing.

Then he mumbled out, "Your sister Oye Ling died."

I can hear Mother's wailing voice, very sad, peculiar. Lost and empty. My brother Quai Fong came out too, holding Choy in his small arms.

My brother Quai Fong and I went into the room where Oye Ling died. Her face was drained white. She was a hollow corpse. My Mother sat on the chair near the bed, weeping, crying her head off. I did not know what to do. I cried, and then my brother Quai Fong cried. Father wept a little, but he tried not to show it.

Ching Shee heard us, and she came down. She shook

her head. And I knew that she thinks that my Mother had murdered Oye Ling, because she had called in an American doctor.

Mother sat at the bedside, weeping for hours. Then she wept and chanted a peculiar song, wailing and crying along. She continued for hours. I became afraid. My brother Quai Fong became afraid. But Mother chanted on and on. I went back to my room, trying to hide myself under the bed. But I could hear her wailing song of death.

My sister Oye Ling had died, after three years of sickness.

I saw her white face on the death bed. I have never seen a dead person before. I was afraid. I don't want to die.

Morning came, and Mother was exhausted completely. Her eyes were all red with crying. Many friends gathered at our house, saying very little.

Somehow I cannot forget the white face of Oye Ling.

I cannot forget Mother's wailing song of death.

I cannot forget that it was in the lonely night of the winter that it all happened. Now that I remembered, I become afraid, and I know that I don't want to die.

*Part I**Birth, Marriage & Death Customs in China*

The Chinese are the most exploited people in the world.

(This sentence sounds familiar, doesn't it?) Especially Chinese women having Chinese babies. Well, what kind did you expect them to have anyway?

As in every other Chinese event, a birth is accompanied and with a great deal of trouble ~~of~~ celebration.

Long ago in China, and when we say long ago, we mean ten or fifteen years ago, all mothers had children without the aid of a doctor, usually it was an old woman, I guess the word for her, is midwife. She acts as doctor, advisor, and helper in aiding the delivery of the new born babe.

Just to show what Chinese woman suffered in the days of childbirth we will relate ~~an~~ incident that happened to a farmer's wife in old China. It seemed that the old wife was expecting a child, but she worked in the fields ^{from} day till evening, months after month, and she knew herself that the child was coming, but still she worked on paying no heed to what was going to happen to her. Then while she was working her child was born in the fields, and she was alone, so she gathered up the new born baby in her apron, and ran into the house where she slit the baby from her with an old piece of broken crockery.

And after the baby was born, then she came back out into the fields, and there she worked again, as though nothing was the matter with her.

And that not only happens to this woman alone, all Chinese women in China get up just as soon as the baby is delivered. And they can stand it too, and have one child after another just like that. Sometimes it is hard to understand how they

~~ever pull through with the ordeal.~~

Today in China condition is slightly better, but we are willing to bet that in ~~some of those remote villages~~, conditions just as primitive and unsanitary still persist.

Let us pay a visit to the stork and follow it on its dark and mysterious course through the long months of darkness and see what happens.

We will say that a wife is expecting a child. ~~How does she know.~~ She knows, and how! Then during the long days of pregnancy, she would place an idol, usually that of a Goddess, and she would place this idol under her bed. And some women would let this idol stand under the bed until the baby is quite large, and over the dangerous age.

And because a woman is expecting a baby is no sign that she is an invalid, for the woman would continue to work, up to the time when the baby is born. They do not take things easy, like the western woman. It seems that having a baby is almost next to nothing, an ordinary happening to a married woman.

At the time of the delivery of the baby the mother would go to her bed, and an old woman would be along to take care of her and the baby. After the baby is born, the mother is forgotten, and the attention of the baby is cared for. Usually the mother gets up right after the birth of the child, and goes about her work.

The baby is born in most unsanitary conditions, and the mother has none of the modern conveniences of the hospital.

We have heard many things about baby girls, and how people

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may know

delivered

girl
infanticide

kill the girls. Some of the ways they do it is like this. They would heat the stove very hot, and when the ashes ^{are} ~~is~~ very hot, then they would put the baby girl there, and let her burn to death, or another way, like putting strong tobacco in the eyes and nose of the child, so he would suffocate to death.

If a baby is born ~~death~~ ^{dead}, usually he is taken away to a far away ditch, and there he would be thrown, without any clothes or box. And the household would burn a long string of firecrackers to scare away all the evils of the unfortunate event.

Of course, nothing would please a Chinese person more than to have a Chinese boy, especially for a first baby. Boys are the higher sex to a Chinese man. However, thanks to modern thinking and influence girls are not looked down to as they used to be.

There is another incident that I heard about the birth of a baby. In China they always use old pieces of broken dishes to cut the baby from the mother. Now it happened in this case that the baby was born, but something didn't come out, I can't explain, but it is what I heard. Well, the old woman realized that something was ^{wrong} ~~string~~, so she took a long chain and tied the cord of the mother, and the old woman turned around. Just then something happened, it happened that the cord bounced back, and so the chain and all went into the mother, and she was killed. ~~whew! I don't know what I'm talking about, but perhaps you women might know.~~

~~Or perhaps you might not know.~~

~~I am sure that I do not.~~

girl
infanticide

still
born
children

leap!

ston
along
a rail
the river

Whenever there is a birth, there are always pigfeet cooked with vinegar and ginger, and also chicken cooked with whiskey. They are the two important foods for the occasion, and of course the red dyed eggs and roast pork, although they do not come till the baby is a month old.

And we found out that in some places the people do not let any strangers see the baby from the third day till the baby is a month old. It seems that strangers have a tendency to hurt the baby.

The third day after the baby is born is quite an important day, for that day many pots of boiling pigfeet are cooked, and also chicken cooked with strong whiskey and ginger. When these are cooked, they are passed around to the different relatives and friends.

Cooking the pig pig is not a very hard job. First it is necessary to have the genuine Chinese black vinegar. Raw ginger is put into the vinegar and cooked until soft, and the vinegar is boiling. Then the pig feet are washed, and put into the boiling vinegar for three or four minutes. Then the fire should be darkened, and let the pig feet simmer there for about ten or fifteen minutes, and then they are ready to be eaten.

In some cases people put sweet brown sugar into the vinegar to take away the very sour taste of the black vinegar.

After these pig feet are cooked, they are passed around to the friends, and whenever the friends drop in to pay a visit to the baby, they are served these pigfeet.

And the way they make chicken whiskey is like this. They have good mushrooms and small pieces of pork, and they cooked this

until soft. Then chicken is added with good cupfuls of strong whiskey. That's all, and it is ready to eat. Just cooked until the chicken is ready, and the chicken whiskey is already done.

Now after the baby is born, the mother does not eat with the rest of the family. She eats alone until a full month had passed by, and they even do that in America too, in some of those old fashioned families. It is bad luck to have a "yit paw" eat at the same table until the proper amount of days had passed by.

When the baby is one month old, then that day is a red letter day in his life. For that day many eggs are dyed red to celebrate his "shaving" day. All babies when they are one month old have their heads shaved usually by the mother or else by another old woman who had plenty of children. No mother would allow her baby to be shaved by a woman who has few children, or by mothers who babies had died at birth. They want someone with a robust and full life.

Red dyed eggs are important on this day. A big pot of water is heated and then when the water is quite hot, the eggs are dropped into it one by one until the pot is about half full. The eggs are cooked until they are quite hard, and then a few pieces of Chinese red paper are slowly ^{dropped} immersed into the water. The hot water would make the color seep out and the eggs are then naturally dyed a soft pink color. Or if the mother wishes she could put in many pieces of red paper and the eggs are dyed a dark deep red.

And eggs are not the only thing for this important day.

One cannot think of Chinese red eggs without thinking of

mother
to have
in one
month

first
month

11

11

This is ginger. These ginger are delicious with the red dyed eggss.

This ginger could either be home-made or else they could be bought. If the ginger is home-made the ginger is not cooked at all. The raw ginger is peeled into small thin slices and they are soaked with rich vinegar and sugar. When are ready they are taken out and small pieces of seeds are sprinkled over them. This ginger is eaten with the egg.

Another important food for the celebration of the month old baby is chicken. The chicken is cooked and it is passed around to the friends. If the friend is a very close a whole chicken is given to him instead of one half of a chicken. And also ~~roast~~ ^{roast} pork. A pig is roasted and then it is cut up, and each friend gets a piece.

The hundredth day after the birth of the baby is known as "bock law" and this is quite an important day. The baby is given some cooked food to eat.

We have heard something very strange about this day. Whatever the baby does on that day, he usually does when he grows up. As in the case of a certain baby. On his one hundredth day of life he woke up. The first thing that he did was to pick up a book. The friends and parents were glad, for it was a sign that the boy was to be developed into a scholar. And he did too when he grew up.

Another case was that of another baby. She woke up, and the first thing she did was to pick up a bowl of rice, and began to eat and to eat. The mother said that she never would have to worry about her girl, for her girl ^{would} ~~would~~ never starve to death. And she is alive today, always getting plenty to eat too.

After one hundred full days had passed by the mother could bring the baby over to her mother's house, and not before then.

And another thing. If the mother goes out of the house before the proper amount of days had passed by, she must cover her head up and not let anyone see her. An old Chinese custom.

Custom in U.S.
But fortunately for all of us, in America very few of the old customs are followed.

In America when a Chinese woman has a baby, they would have the pigfeet and chicken whiskey. And on the third day they would have the red dyed eggs, and the baby's head would be shaved.

There is none of that putting idols under the bed, and all those silly customs.

Even in some cases, the Chinese woman would have the baby at home to save on expenses. I know that quite a few women who have one or more of their babies born at home.

I guess that even the modern Chinese women still follow some of the old customs. Especially that of giving pig feet and chicken whiskey and red eggs. I guess that this custom will always remain forever.

But do not despair. The modern Chinese parents are getting smart. They do not have as much children as their parents. So the poor little stork will have time to rest up after the hard work he has done for the Chinese people.

And other people.

"Are you listening, junior?"

And junior said, "Phooey, stork my eye!"



IV (have sent.)
Chinese Christmas strange as it might seem is not a day celebrated like the December twenty-fifth of the Occident world. The Chinese Christmas is more a day of thanks, resembling somewhat Thanksgiving day of the Pilgrims.

The main idea of the Chinese Christmas is of course to thank the Gods for his kindness for the year around for the crops which he so ably supplies to the farmers. And on the day of Chinese Christmas, a big feast climax the celebration.

As in most Chinese holidays the exchanging of gifts is very common. In some villages of China the married daughter is not supposed to be at her mother's home on the day. It is a rule that the married daughter under no circumstances could dine at the home of her mother.

Usually the married daughter would buy many gifts and carried them to the mother's house in big bamboo baskets. The big feast in the evening is to thank the Gods for the plentiful supply of food and the prosperity of the year.

Chinese Christmas is almost exactly like Thanksgiving. The most important thing for the day is food. Instead of Turkey, the Chinese make "tong yuen" a very original and tempting dish, although one can not eat much of it.

This is made with rice flour. First the flour is made into a soft white dough until it reaches a smooth and pasty consistency. Then a small piece is taken into the hands and a small piece of brown sugar is wrapped right into the middle of the dough. The dough is then rolled into a round ball. Meanwhile a big bowl of hot boiling water is rapidly boiling. Into this boiling water is put many many small

tempting dishes to help with the flavor. Sometimes it's dried shrimps and bones of pork.

As in all Chinese foods, the tong yuen is divided into two different ~~kinds~~ kinds. The salted and the sweeten.

The only difference is that instead of putting a small piece of brown sugar in the middle of the dough, one could put small pieces of pork, or shrimps in the dough and one would have the salted kind of "tong yuen."

In most homes the mother would make this special food and the whole family would enjoy it very much. The "tong yuen" is just as important as a turkey is to Thanksgiving.

Strangely enough Chinese Christmas ^{in U.S.} is a very quiet over here. It is not one tenth as exciting as December twenty-fifth, nor one fifth as exciting as Thanksgiving.

In most homes today, the mother would perhaps have a chicken killed for the day, and perhaps she would buy some roast duck, and these fancy foods are used in the evening. Usually the housewives would not make any "tong yuen" at all. Only in those homes where old superstitious women live would they do it.

Generally speaking the people have a merry meal in the evening and the Christmas is over.

In other words Chinese Christmas is something like Thanksgiving.

each of the four corners of the square, and the four corners of the square are joined by lines, so that the square is divided into four triangles, each of which is a right-angled triangle, the right angle being at one of the corners of the square.

There is a small square in the center of the large square, and the four corners of the large square are joined by lines, so that the large square is divided into four triangles, each of which is a right-angled triangle, the right angle being at one of the corners of the large square.

There once was a snake, and this snake was always eating human beings, and the people all around the country side got to know of this snake, and they were afraid of his power. This snake possessed a magic power, and he could change himself into a man. He would walk along the road, and whenever he called a person, and that person answered him, then that person is doomed to be eaten by the snake in the night.

At night the snake would change into something small, and he would eat up its victims.

There happened to be a traveler, a new traveler who had traveled into this region of the snake, and he was walking along the road when he heard a strange voice calling him. This traveler answered this strange voice, and he saw a man in the distance. At first the traveler was quite puzzled at this strange happening to have a stranger called him. But nevertheless he went on his way until he reached a certain inn and he demanded a room.

The owner of the place asked him, Did a certain strange man call your name on the road?

Yes, the stranger said.

And did you answer him?

I did, the stranger answered.

Then I cannot let you have a room, the innkeeper said.

But for what reason? the stranger demanded.

The man that called your name was not a man, but a man eating snake.

Then the innkeeper explained to the stranger about the snake, and the stranger knew that he was doomed to die.

Now it happened that a monk was passing by the inn, and this monk was sent down from the sky to recapture this snake.

on 1/11/48

And this monk then stopped at the same inn that the stranger was, and he said to the innkeeper, Let the stranger stay here for the night. The snake would not get him, I am sure of that.

And the innkeeper saw this monk, and he knew that the monk was telling the truth, and he said, Then I will let him rest here for the night.

So the monk went before the stranger and said, I have something to give you, and this something is very important. I want you to put it under your pillow for the night. When you sleep and hear something rattling loudly, then that is the time to pull your pillow away, and then something would happen.

And I am to do that tonight?

Yes, the monk said, and be sure to pull the pillow away when you hear something rattling, otherwise it would be too late.

I will remember everything, the stranger said.

And then the monk went away.

That night the stranger went to bed, very much afraid and scare. Many times he thought that he heard the rattling under his pillow, but he knew that it was his imagination.

But soon, despite his fear, the stranger fell asleep, and night came on.

The snake had changed into something small, and when he reached the room of the stranger, he changed back into a snake again.

The stranger was still asleep. Suddenly there was a loud rattle under his pillow, and the stranger woke up with a start, and he saw the snake very close to him, and he quickly

pulled his pillow away, and from there, there sprang a small bird. The snake and the bird went up on the roof of the house and there a great battle took place, and in the end the snake was killed, and was recaptured by the monk, and the stranger thus was spared his life, and since then, there was no more killings by the man eating snake, for he was no more now.

XXXVIII

in class
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The farmer was going home from work in the late evening when suddenly the wind took on an ominous howl, and he heard a wailing sound saying, "You better be careful, you better be careful." The farmer at first thought that it was the howl of the wind, but when he listened carefully again, he heard the sounds. The wind seemed to be a big heavy shadow pushing, and pushing and took on a rapid velocity. The night was dark and the farmer was going home.

Then suddenly a bright and glaring light flashed in the darkness of night and began to recede back and back until it was just a tiny speck. Now this farmer was a farmer who could penetrate into the darkness of night, as he was one who always eat cat's eyes. And he was able to see into the form of a ghost, and when he saw this great mass of shadows moving, he immediately took to his heels, running as fast as he could, not daring once to turn back to see what the shadow was doing. The farmer felt the cold and icy grip of something gaining up on him moment after moment, and the howling of the wind felt as if it was pushing him backwards.

The farmer ran on when quite unexpectedly he stumbled over a ^{large} ~~big~~ piece of rock and he rolled over on the ground two or three times. His head was completely bruised and hurt, and the blood was streaming down in red streams of torrent, gushing and splashing all over his face. He sat up rapidly and saw the piece of rock from which immediately sprang two transparent shadows. The dark shadow ~~was~~ ^{was} right in front of the farmer, but somehow or the other, it could not manage to come forward. The two transparent shadows were blocking his way.

Then the dark shadow yelled out, "You are very fortunate, you are very fortunate." The farmer looked through the two transparent shadows and saw the dark shadow going back and back.

Then the two transparent shadows sprang back into the rocks on the ground and the farmer found himself alone.

The farmer went home and told everyone about his strange experience. And his mother said, "It is the two ground Gods. They are good to you. Tomorrow I will go to the temple and burn incense to them. They have saved your life."

The next day in the early morning the mother went to the temple and burn the incense. The poor farmer was sick at home. Day by day his hair began to fall until he was almost bald. Never for one day did the mother miss going to the temple, and every single day she burned incense and punks. Slowly but gradually the farmer began to see his hair coming back to him. After many weeks in bed, the farmer was completely well. And every day when he passed by the rock from which sprang two shadows he said, "I will never forget you two and how you have saved my life. I am very grateful to you." And he would light incense and shudder a little when he realized how near death he was on that strange day.

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XXXXIX

It was one of those hot days, and the lonely traveler came upon the barren hills, and he looked all over the country side and saw nothing except the empty land, barren and bare except for a tree here and there. He looked all over the land, searching for some sort of human life, anything that could break this strange and ominous silence, a silence that seemed void, away and apart, as though as if the very silence itself was enough to swallow him completely.

He walked along for many hours and soon the sun was beginning to sink into the distant hills, and as yet the traveler was not ⁱⁿ sight of any village or place where he can rest for the night, and he was worried as he was a stranger and was not familiar with the land.

Then far away, resting in the shadows of the evening, he thought he saw group of houses and people moving to and fro, and the traveler directed his attention toward the village. He knew he would have to take quite a time to reach the village. To make a short cut, the traveler had to go over a nearby hill. This he did, and soon he came upon a crude cemetery, where many graves and coffins could be seen on top of the ground. It was not yet night, and the traveler hurried on.

Then suddenly like the sound of striking lightning, one of the coffins burst open with a terrific screeching sound. A cold chill ran down the spine of the traveler, and because it was night, and because of the vast and quiet silence, and because of cemetery, the traveler seemed as though he was frozen in his feet. But he managed to turn just in time to see a fantastic and inhuman figure emerging from the coffin.

The ^etrav^ler took to his heels immediately, with the ghost chasing rapidly after him. The traveler was surprised at his own speed as he headed directly for the village. He was running so fast that he took a complete somersault and the ghost did the same. The night was coming on very rapidly, and the sky was getting darker and darker, and the traveler was wondering to himself if he was running straight toward the village or not.

He was so afraid that he did not dare to turn around to find out if the ghost ^{was} still chasing him or not. Then he reached the village and all the inhabitants came out to inquire as to what was the matter with him. He hastily explained everything and the men of the village shook their head.

"Where is the ghost now?" one of the old men asked.

"I do not know," the traveler explained, "he got lost somewhere."

"We must burn his coffin tomorrow," the old man said, "this is one of those ghosts that comes out in the morning and then ^{goes} ~~go~~ back to the coffin at night. This ghost goes back to the coffin because it is night now. And unless we kill him, he will keep on chasing people who go near his coffin."

So in the early morning, just before the hours of dawn a group of picked men trodded their way up the hills toward the cemetery. They carried with them kerosene and sticks to combat the ghost in case he should bother them.

When they reached the hill, the men carefully approached the cemetery from a point in which they can come forward without being seen. Then they carefully poured the oil and set fire to the coffin. The coffin went up in flames and became ashes.

The whole group of men watched with astonished eyes the crumbling of the coffin into ashes.

"Now this ghost cannot bother anyone from now on," the old man said.

The traveler at this moment felt as though something heavy and bothersome seemed to come out from him, as though he had suddenly woke up from a terrible bad dream.

Then the whole group of men went down the mountain and traveled back to the village.

U

and the other side of the hill

from the hill, as though the hill

was a terrible red rock.

and the other side of the hill

and the other side of the hill

U

The Ghost

Many hours of that hot day had the lonely traveler walked through the desolate barren country. No signs of habitation, just bare, empty land and a silence that lay like a pall, oppressive and stifling. As night came on he saw a group of houses in the distance and hastened over the bleak hill to reach them before darkness came on.

As he hurried on he passed near a cemetery. Beside the graves many coffins were placed on the ground. Just as the darkness settled over the hill the heavy silence was broken by a loud, screeching, tearing sound. Terrified, the man turned just in time to see a fantastic, non-human figure emerge from a coffin.

The traveler took to his heels immediately and made all speed toward the village. Right after him sped the ghost. Too frightened to look behind because of the ghost and uncertain of the way, he rushed blindly into the lights of the village. All the villagers came out to know the cause of his fright.

When he explained about the ghost an old man said, "We must burn his coffin tomorrow. This is one of those ghosts who leaves his coffin at night and goes back in the daytime. Unless we destroy him and his coffin he will continue to chase any who pass near his coffin."

Early the next morning the traveler and a group of

2

old men proceeded to the cemetery. They carried with them kerosene and sticks to combat the ghost in case he should bother them. They approached quietly and carefully poured the oil on the coffin and set it afire. And as the coffin burned the traveler felt as though a weight were being lifted from his chest and spirit, as though he were now waking from a horrible dream.

XLIX

This story resembles very much a story which we wrote not so long ago. Probably it is the same story, but ^{one} which comes back in a different variation.

There journeyed into the region of the man-eating snake a lonely traveler, and he was making a short cut over the hill when a voice said, Where are you going? And have you eaten rice?

And then the traveler turned around and saw a man quite far away, and he answered, I am going up to a hut in the hill. And I have lost my way. Just then the traveler noticed that the man who called him suddenly disappeared into the distance.

And the traveler was quite surprised at this, but he went on his way. Soon he came upon the hut, and he went in to change his clothes, and there was an old man there and this old man said, Is there anyone who called you while you were walking?

And the traveler said, Yes, there was a man that called me.

Did you answer him?

Yes, I did, the traveler said.

That was a man-eating snake, and whenever anyone answered it when it calls, then that person is doomed to be killed by this monster.

But I did not know, the traveler said, otherwise I would not have answered him then.

Perhaps there is something that I can do to help you, the old man said.

I will do anything you say, the traveler answered.

Perhaps it will not work, the old man stated, but it is

Handwritten notes:
12/1/48
Mr. Lee

worth trying. I am going to give you something, but you must promise me that under no circumstance would you open it to find out what it is. Otherwise you are doomed to die then. And this is very important.

I will follow your instructions very carefully, the traveler answered quickly.

I have here, the old man said, a hollow bamboo. In this bamboo I have placed something that would take care of this snake. I want you place this under your head when you go to bed tonight. And be sure to keep your eyes awake. And keep the room very dark. Let the snake come into your room, and when it is very close to you, then that is time to open the bamboo, and I am sure that what I have put into the hollow would be enough to take care of the man-eating snake.

That night the man went to bed, and he kept his eyes awake. Then towards late night he heard a sound in his room, and out from the corner of his eyes the man saw the snake slowly approaching towards him. Just as the snake was about to kill him, the man took out the bamboo from under his head, and let loose the small thin sheet of tissue paper at one end. Just then a loud and menacing sound came out of the mouth of the snake. And the man could hear the snake yelling its head off, and running rapidly out of the room.

In the early morning the traveler went to the old man and said, The snake came yesterday, and I did everything that you told me to do.

Good, the old man said, and what happened.

Well, the man said, I heard the snake give forth a loud

yell, and it ran out of the room quickly.

We will go and find him, the old man said.

So the two men then went towards the woods and soon they discovered the snake on the road.

Why, it looks just like a man! the traveler said.

The old man approached towards the dead snake and he said, My trick had worked, he said.

What did you put in the bamboo? the traveler said.

There are many flying ants in that bamboo. And these ants threw into the ears of the snake and killed it. These snakes are very afraid of such ants, like an elephant is afraid of a small mouse.

And the traveler came forwards and he saw the ears of the man-eating snake with a big hole in them.

You are very lucky, the old man told the traveler, you are fortunate to get away from it.

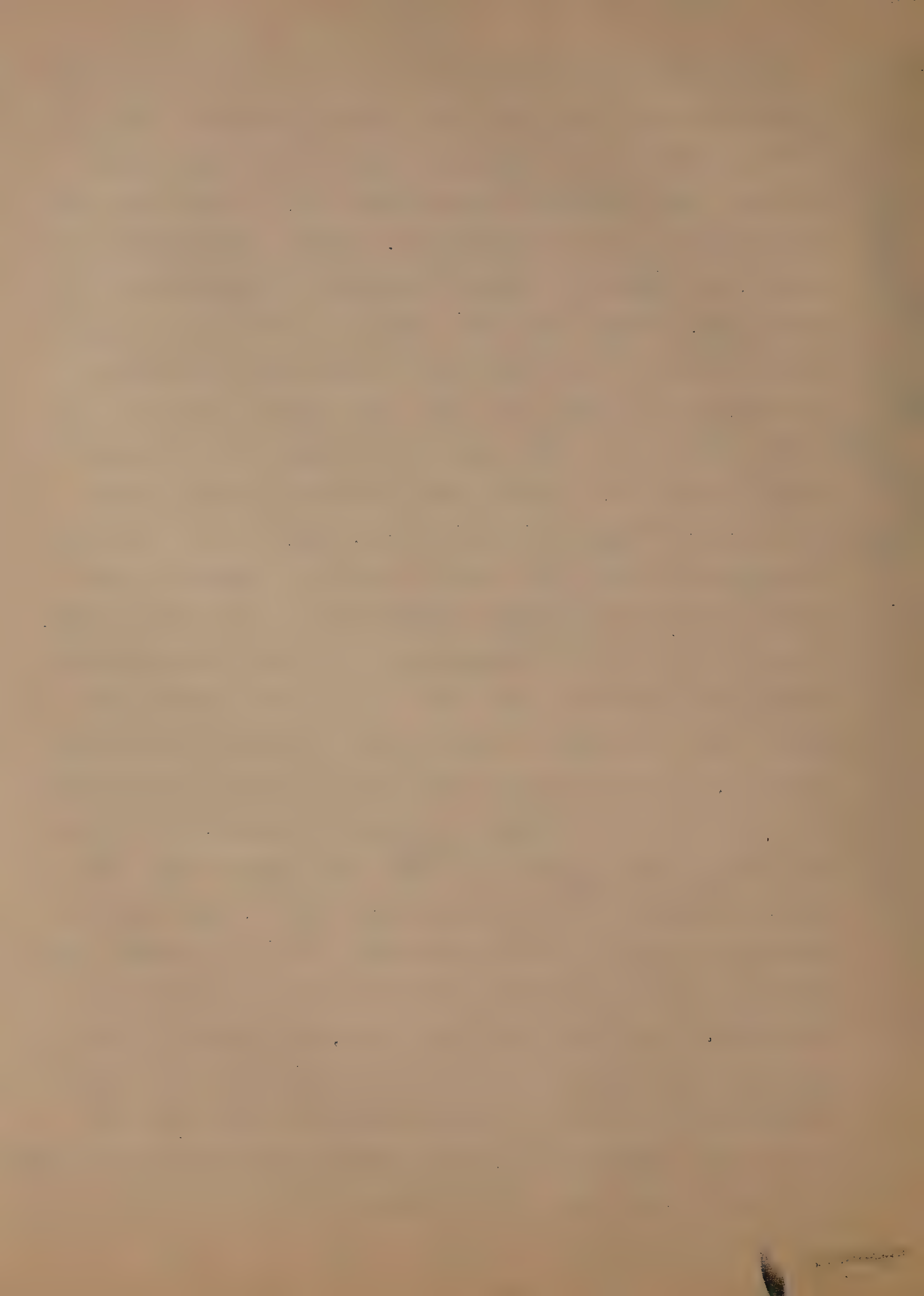
And that is because of your marvelous brain, the traveler said, to think of that really amazing way of combating it.

So the two men then went down the hill and made their way back to the hut.

LIII

Once upon a time a father-in-law invited his three sons-in-law to have dinner with him. One of the sons-in-laws was a robber; another was a merchant; and the third was a school teacher. Many times the father-in-law had told the robber son-in-law to give up his wandering and unstable way of making his living, but always the robber had paid no attention to him whatsoever. On the day of the dinner the father-in-law said to the son-in-law who was a robber: I have here two hundred dollars, and it is all the money that I have. I will put this money under my bed. If in any way you could get this money without waking me, then the money is yours. If you cannot get it successfully within three days, then you will have to promise me that you will give up your life of wanderlust and settle down with the ^{two} hundred dollars which I shall give to you, since you did not get it successfully. The robber son-in-law thought for awhile and then said: I am willing to take the chance then. The father-in-law said; You have but three days to do it, and do not forget your promise to me in case you could not get it. I will remember, the son-in-law said. That night the father-in-law thought of a plan which he knew would not fail. He placed his faithful dog near his bed, and in the same room he placed the merchant son-in-law who was also a good fighter. He told the robber son-in-law to go up to the attic and sleep. The first night passed away, and the robber son-in-law could not think of a way in which he could get the money successfully. All that night he thought of a plan which he made up his mind must work, for he wanted that two hundred dollars. The second night came, and the plan for obtaining the money began

Not included



to take shape in the son-in-law's head. He decided to try his plan on the third night. That third night came, and he took a pig feet, and tied it with a string, and he let that down slowly. The dog saw it, and he began to reach for it. Through a crack in the wood, the young son-in-law began to pull the pig feet away from the dog, and the dog followed the pig feet, for it wanted it very much. The dog was gotten rid of. Then the son-in-law slowly came down from his attic, and he very quietly carried the sleeping merchant up to his room in the attic. Then the son-in-law lifted ^{up} his father-in-law up and he got the money from under the bed. Now before the old man had went to sleep that night, he had instructed the other two sons-in-laws that if anyone of them heard the dog barking, he was to get up and hit loudly on the gong, right near his bed. And this gong would wake up everyone. The robber son-in-law had accidentally heard that, and right now, after he had ~~took~~ taken the money, he let the heavy gong down, and he fill ^{ed} a pail full of water, and put that in the place where the gong originally was. Now the dog had finished his pig feet, and he came back into the room of his master, and he saw the robber son-in-law there. ~~It~~ began to give forth loud barks, and it made so much noise that it woke up the sleeping merchant, the one that was carried upstairs to the attic by the robber. He woke up then, and he came down, and he lifted the heavy pole ^{and} he began to beat the gong, but instead of the gong, he hit the pail, and the water came ~~slap~~ splashing down into the face of his father-in-law. The father-in-law woke up suddenly, and demanded what the trouble was. In the meantime the school teacher was waken by the noise too. The dog was still barking, giving forth loud sounds, making as

much noise as possible. The father-in-law was all wet, and the merchant still did not know what it was all about. But the robber son-in-law sat in the middle of the room, very quiet and nonchalant and smiled at everyone. Well, my father-in-law, he said, I got the money. And the father-in-law knew that it was true, and there was nothing that he could do at all. The merchant and the school teacher sat there, looking at each other, and they knew that their brother-in-law had made a fool out of them.

and the tiger was always calm and quiet when he was near. One day the hunter reached out to give the tiger a piece of meat. Quick as a flash of lightning the tiger bit deep into the hunter's hand. The hunter screamed. Running up at the sound, the teacher called out, "Stop", and the tiger let the hunter's hand go.

Everybody was surprised, but the teacher was more surprised than anybody. He had called out unintentionally and the tiger's obedience awed him. He had long ago forgotten the incident of the hurt tiger.

Soon after this the hunter said to the teacher, "The tiger is uncontrollable. He is fond of you, so you shall have him." The teacher accepted the tiger and it grew to be as tame as a kitten. The children became fond of it and it played about the yard with them.

One day there was an important excursion; the teacher, the pupils, and, of course, the tiger went along. One of the little boys fell into the water and started to drift away. Nobody knew how to swim but the tiger jumped in and pulled the boy to the bank. The tiger, however, was drowned in the effort. His body was taken up and buried in the school yard. The teacher and pupils mourned the death of their faithful friend.

People heard the story of the faithful, loving animal and sent their children to the school. Soon the teacher had

so many pupils and made so much money that he tore down the old school and built a fine strong building in its place.

And all this came about because of the tiger. The school teacher had done a kind deed when he was young and thus the tiger repaid him.

in *11/2* *8*
The Phantom Wife

One day a priest saw a man on the road, and he said to him, "I see something haunting you. It is your wife. She is not a human being, but a evil spirit who had come from the darkness of the graveyard." When the man heard that, he did not believe, and he said to the priest, "My wife is a very beautiful woman, and I am sure that she did not come from ~~an~~ graveyard." The priest said, "You do not believe me, so I shall prove to you. Tonight do not sleep, but pretend that you are in deep slumber. When the night is at its blackest, the body of your wife will leave from her skeleton, with only the bones remaining on the bed. You shall follow this moving body, and she shall lead you to a graveyard where she dwells every night." Delirious with fright, the man did not know what to do. Despite the sincerity of the priest, he could not believe that his wife was an evil spirit from the world beyond. When he reached home, he did not tell his wife of what he had heard. There was a fear in his heart that night when he went to bed. The thought[†] that his wife was a ghost kept tormenting him. Soon he heard the regular breathing of his wife. He watched her, but nothing happened. However, he kept a close watch on her, and then when the night was at its blackest something happened that startled him greatly. Slowly the body of his wife became transparent. He could see the bones under the transparent skin. Gracefully the transparent body raised itself and then drifted out of the room. The husband immediately followed, racing after the fleeting body. The body headed straight for the graveyard.

Then it made its way to a lonely coffin, lifted the top and slid into it. Horrified, the husband stood there, still unable to believe his eyes. Then suddenly he remembered what the priest had told him. "When your wife goes into the coffin, you must paste a piece of red paper on the opening of the coffin, then she would not be able to get out." Quickly the man did as the priest had instructed. Fearfully he made his way home. To his complete surprise when he reached home he saw the skeleton missing from the bed. And his son who was sleeping in the bed had vanished away. He had gone back to his ghost mother, and the man was never able to find his son again. And he knew that what the priest had told him was the truth after all.

included
2/18
7/12

There was a king, the narrator said, and he had a son, and this son always gets what he desires, and the father always gives him what he wants. No matter what it is, the son always gets it, whether it be money or things. Well, one day this son went before his father and he said, I wish to have a thousand league horse.

And the king said, And what do you wish a thousand league horse for?

The son said, I have heard that a thousand league horse could perform miracles, and that it is able to travel long distances in a very short time. And I wish to have one.

And the king said, But how could I get you one. These horses are very rare, and they are very hard to acquire.

And the son said, But I wish to have one soon.

There was nothing that the king could do, and he thought of a way in which he could get a thousand league horse and there was a bad man then, and he was supposed to be executed very soon, and one day the king called him forth and said to him, If you could acquire a thousand league horse for my son, then your life would be spared.

And the bad man listened to what the king said, and then answered, I will try my very best. And the king said, I will give you but six months to acquire a thousand league horse, and if after that time you do not come back with a thousand league horse, then you will die.

Then the king dismissed the bad man, and he said to his son, I have sent a person to search for a thousand league horse, and very soon you shall have it.

And so the son was satisfied with it all, and he said, I

shall wait until that time and no longer.

Well, that bad man he went to the different villages and hamlets and he inquired here and there, but always he got the same answer, We do not know of a thousand league horse, or where you can get one.

The months speeded by, and still the bad man was not able to find a horse, and he was afraid that if he went back to the king and reported that he did not find a thousand league horse, he would die, so he went far into a certain village, and he found that a certain man owned a thousand league horse, and he went before this man and said, I have heard that you possessed a thousand league horse, and I must have one for the king's son. If I do not get it before the six months allowed me is up, I shall die.

And the man said, I am so sorry. I have a thousand league horse, and he has just recently die and we are going to bury it today. So this man then led the bad man to his back lot, and there he saw a white horse, white as snow, dead on the ground.

I would have this horse, the bad man said, and I shall bring it back to the king.

That I cannot do, the man said, I love this horse, and I shall bury it near me.

Then the bad man said, I shall offer you six hundred pieces of silver just for the head of this horse.

The owner of the horse thought it all over for a while and said, I shall let you have the head.

Then he took a large knife and he cut it off, and he gave it to the bad man.

And then the bad man returned to the palace of the king and

he said, I have a thousand league horse, but only the head. This horse had died, and I was only able to get the head.

When the king's son saw this he said, I want a live thousand league horse, not a dead one.

And then the king said to the bad man, you have but one week's time left. Your six months time is up then, and if by that time you do not return with a live thousand league horse, then you shall surely die.

And then the bad man went out in his quest again. Meanwhile the son was impatiently waiting.

Then one day the son looked out the window, and what did you think he saw. He saw a whole row of thousand league horses standing ^{at the} ~~gate~~ gate.

Well, the narrator said, it seems that the rumor got around that the king had offered six hundred pieces of silver for the head of a dead thousand league horse, and these owners of these horses were poor men and they said to each other, If the king is willing to offer six hundred pieces of silver for a dead horse's head, what would he not offer for a live one? And so they all journeyed to the king's palace, and thus the poor bad man was spared his life.

And that was how the king's son got his thousand league horse, and his wish was fulfilled.

Now don't you think that this is a good story? the narrator demanded.

Yes, I said, and this is the reason why I have written it and am handing it in right now.

✓ VII

It was one of those dark and dreary nights, when everything somber and sad seemed to seep into the minds of men. The three travelers were caught in the rain, and they were walking along a dark road. All around them was the open land, with not a house in sight. Up above the thunder rumbled, and the lightning flashed with dazzling brillianthness. The rain came down in torrents and soaked into the skins of the three men. They continued walking as fast as they could. The night was cold, and the rain was very uncomfortable.

Soon they came to a large tree, and they went under the thick foliage to rest themselves, when suddenly a loud and deafening sound split the tree in half. The three travelers just managed to escape unharm, and they went out into the cold rain again, and continued walking.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" one of them said to the others.

"We are good people, and ghosts do not harm good people," they answered.

"But do you believe in ghosts?" the other insisted.

"No," they said.

"Neither do I," the other said.

Now it happened, that of these three travelers, only one was good. The other two were robbers, and ~~but~~ all of them were strangers to each other. And they all happened to meet on the road, when suddenly the rain caught them unaware. And they had been looking for a shelter for many hours.

Suddenly up on the road, they saw a light, a dull but luminous light coming out from the window of a barn.

They hastened themselves as quick as they could, and soon they were in front of the barn.

One of the travelers knocked at the door. The man inside was opening the door.

"What do you wish in a time like this?" he demanded.

"We have been walking for many hours looking for a place to rest. We are cold, and we are honest men. If you could put us up for the night, we will gladly pay you for it."

The man looked at the travelers for a moment, and then he said, "There is no place in the house for you. If you like, you can go inside the barn for the night. My wife has recently died, and she is in there. If you do not disturb her, I am sure she will not bother you. She does not like to have people around her."

The three travelers listened to all this and were afraid. But since none of them had said that he believed in ghosts, they told the farmer that they would sleep in the barn.

The farmer closed the door, and the three travelers opened the door of the barn, and saw three small lights along the wall. The small lights were burning very strongly, and were of a bright color. The coffin was near the corner of the wall.

The three travelers were tired, and they all flopped down on the floor to sleep. But sleep would not come to any of them. They glanced from time to time at the coffin, and a very uncomfortable feeling would come over them. They remembered what the farmer had told them. They were not to touch the coffin at all.

Soon the travelers could not stand the sight of the coffin any more. The three of them got up and carried the coffin out into the rain and thunder.

Then they came back into the barn to sleep.

Outside the rain continued to fall and fall. It was very late. The sudden thunder flashed again and again. The rain began to soak into the coffin of the dead woman, and soon there was a stirring sound, a sound of something moving inside the coffin. With a sudden screech the lid of the coffin blew opened, and a white faced-lady, with hair streaming down her sides began to come forth. Her long robes caught the gust of wind and blew opened.

Slowly the ghost woman began to make her way the barn door. She opened it very slowly and went in. The three travelers were all asleep, very peaceful and calm.

The ghost-looking woman crept steadily forward and came close to the sleeping figure of the first man. Almost immediately one of the three lights turned to a dull ^{blue} ~~blew~~ color. Now it was burning very feebly and weakly. With a sudden thrust of her fingers the ghost killed the first traveler. Then she made her way to the ^{second} ~~second~~ figure. The same thing happened. The second light began to dwindle, and with a sudden thrust, she killed the second traveler. The ghost made her way to the third traveler. But this time, the third traveler awakened with a sudden start. With the speed of a whizzing arrow he flew out into the rain, running with all his might.

The ghost lady followed close at his heels, and rapidly gaining up. The night wind was cold, and the man felt that he cannot run much longer. He saw a tree in front of him, and he ran straight to it. When he was within one foot of it, he turned a quick turn and ran behind to the other side of the tree. The ghost was

chasing him at such a rapid rate, that she ran straight into the tree. Her very long fingernails were so deeply entrenched that she was unable to take them out. Meanwhile the man had fainted.

The next morning the farmer woke up. He went inside to the barn and found the two dead bodies, and he knew what had happened. He knew that one of the travelers had escaped, and at noon he made his way to the country side, and soon he came upon the tree. The tree was now completely dead, the leaves and branches were all withered. A little way off, the body of the third traveler was lying on the ground.

The farmer went close and saw that the traveler was not dead. He took him back to the house and took care of him. He took his wife out from the tree and buried her.

Since that day, the good traveler believed that there is such a thing as a ghost.

(this is a true
story but because
it is so strange it's
like a fairy tale.)

The Dead Walks Again

Jon Lee
Oakland

38

It was in the lonely night that she died, and the next morning they found her with her hand pressing into her stomach. Then the man of the house remembered that the dead woman, many days before, had complained of pains in her stomach, and that she was not feeling well.

They they placed the dead woman down on the floor, and the man of the house waited for a good day in which to have the funeral, and all that time the body ^{was} laid down on the wooden floor, and all the members of the family would put on white robes of mourning, and chant peculiar songs of weiling.

One day a cat happened to jump over the body of the dead woman, and this cat seemed to give over a certain spark offire to the dead woman, and right away the dead woman began to get up walking straight ahead, straight ahead.

It happened that there was a woman of the house who was in the way of the dead person, and when she saw the dead person walking towards her, she immediately ran on, the dead woman chasing her right along.

This walking dead woman chased the woman, and suddenly the woman grapped a broomstick, and she threw it at the dead woman, and right then the dead woman grapped the stick, and she moved no more. She was ~~dead~~ again.

And that was how a dead woman lived again for a moment-moment, and then died.

Included 7/2/47

XIII

There was an old dirty beggar walking along the road one day, and all the spectators saw him and were afraid, since this beggar was dirty, and his appearance was frightfully ugly. This beggar went from house to house, demanding that he would like to have his feet wash^{ed}.

He called out, "A pail of water for my feet. Anyone, a pail of water for my feet." But no one paid any attention to the old beggar, and he went along the road until he reached the house of a kind woman, and this woman opened the door and demanded, "What is it that you wish?"

"I would like to have my feet washed," the beggar said.

So the kind woman went into the kitchen and she took out an old pail filled with water, and she carried it to the old beggar and said, "You have journeyed a long way."

The beggar said, "Everywhere the people turned me down. My kind woman, you are the first one to have answered my demand."

Then the old beggar washed his feet. The water was very dirty and filthy. Then the old beggar said to the kind woman, "Remember, put this water under your bed, and do not take it out until the next morning."

The woman said, "What what good would a pail of dirty water do me?"

Then the kind lady turned around and she saw ^{that} ~~the~~ the old beggar had disappeared. The kind lady was very superstitious, and she did what the old beggar told her to do.

She said to herself, "Could it be possible that the old beggar is here to bring me some good luck?" And thus thinking this, she fell asleep. She woke up the next morning, and she went about her usual work, until suddenly she remembered

about the pail of water under her bed. She immediately went to the bed, and she crouched down low, and lo and behold she saw the old pail overflowed with gold and silver. The old woman was so astounded that she went to her next door neighbor, a greedy old woman, and she said to her, "A beggar came to my place yesterday, and I let him wash his feet in a pail of water, and he told me to put the water under the bed. This morning, I took the water out and I found a whole pail of gold and silver."

The neighbor said, "And I chased him away yesterday!"

Then the kind lady gave some pieces of gold to the neighbor and she went home.

The next day the same old beggar came along the road again, and this time he stopped in front of the street and everyone came out, offering water for him to wash his feet.

The old greedy woman pulled the old beggar towards her house, and there she took out a new towel, and a new pail, and she filled the pail as full of water as it could hold. Then the old beggar went, stating to the old woman that ^{she} was to put the pail of water under her bed for the night.

The old greedy woman did that, and she waited for the morning to come as quickly as it could.

The very next morning she went to the bed, and she crouched down low, and she pulled the pail out, expecting a whole pail of gold and jewelry. But instead of that, she saw a whole pail of ants and lizards and snakes, and the poor woman was so frightened that she fell sick.

Her good neighbor went to see her one day and she said to her, "From now on you must not be guilty of greed. You must try to help others who are unfortunate."

The old lady was sick, and she was not any better.

Then there came along the road one day a man suffering from leprosy, and he came before the door of this woman and he said, "You are not looking well my woman."

Now it happened that this sick man was the brother of the old beggar.

The woman explained what had happened to her.

Then the man said, "And you have changed over now. You are no longer interested in money or riches."

And the woman said, "I am now more interested in trying to help others more unfortunate than I am."

The sick man nodded his head. Then he gave something over to the old woman, and the old woman got well. Since that day the old woman had never been guilty of being greedy anymore.

Revised

Sam as cannibal demon

The Demon Eater

Once there lived a man who had three sons, and one year the old father passed away, and the sons brought the dead body to a lonely and remote region and buried it there.

Now in this region where these poor people live, old ancient customs still persist, and one of them is that whenever a father dies, his sons ^{or} grandsons must build a house in the region where the dead person is buried, so as to keep him company.

After the old father passed away, the first son was to guard over the dead body. That night a demon suddenly appeared, and seeing the son there, he said, "I must eat you."

The son saw this demon, and he became greatly frightened. He did not know what to say, and in the end he said, "You wish to eat me, why not wait until tomorrow night?" The demon thought awhile, "Well, tomorrow, then, I shall eat you," and he vanished away in smoke.

The second night, it was the turn of the second son to keep watch. That night the demon returned again, remembering the promise that was given to him last night. He approached the second son and said, "Tonight I shall eat you." The second son was startled to see such a fierce looking demon in front of him. His heart became cold, and he did not know how to answer.

"I shall let you eat me tomorrow," he said. The demon thought again, "Well, tomorrow then," and he vanished away.

The third night, the third son kept watch. He had heard

of the narrow escapes of his two brothers, and that night he came prepared. He brought with him a long ^{whip}~~ship~~, and a heavy cutting knife.

The third son hid behind the door of the house to await the coming of the demon. The demon remembered the promise of last night, and he came ready to eat his prey. Just when the demon reached the door, the third son came out of where he was hiding, and with one heavy blow, he struck the demon with the whip. The whip tightened around the neck of the monster, and he was choking. The boy took ^{out}~~of~~ his knife, ready to kill the demon when the demon knelt down on the ground and said, "Free me! Let me go!"

The third son said, "If I let you go, you must deliver over to me some precious article that you possessed."

The demon then searched his whole body, but was unable to locate anything except a small drum. This drum he gave over to the boy.

The boy asked, "And of what value is this drum?"

The demon answered, "Whatever you wish, just drum on the drum a few times, and you will get it."

So the third son got the drum, and he released the demon away. Then he reached home. When the other two brothers heard about the fortune of this third brother, they were jealous, and then they prepared themselves with whips and knives, hoping that they might get some valuable articles from the demon.

Now after the demon had lost his drum, he was bitterly mad with himself. He planned a way of revenge to recapture

his valuable article that he lost, and so he prepared himself with a large knife, and late that night he came back to the house in the wilderness.

Now the first and second son was eagerly awaiting the coming of this demon. They had listened to that third brother of theirs, and now they were prepared to use the same tactics for their own good. When the demon reached the door, a long whip came out from nowhere to tangle around his body. But with his knife, the demon slashed the whip to pieces.

Frightened the two brothers started to run, but they were overtaken quickly by the monster. He grapped them to his fierce body, killed them, and feasted himself with pleasure.

Thus were the two brothers killed and eaten by the demon.

The Precious Tokens

In the old and far distant times there was once a good and kindly mother who loved her two children with the greatest devotion. One day she fell ill and as she lay in bed she realized that death was near. So she called her husband and said to him, "I feel that I am going to die. After I am dead I hope that you will see to it that my daughter and my son do not suffer too much. They will not have their mother's care then so watch over them. If you marry again, do see to it that you get a good and kind wife who will not mistreat the children."

The husband realized that she was near death and answered, "I promise you, dear wife that I shall never marry again and I shall see that your children are taken care of." The woman was happy at that and peace settled upon her.

"Send the children to me," she said, just before her death. When they came she said to them, "It is heaven's will that I die. After I am gone be good to your father and to each other. See that you do nothing that would make your mother sorry if she were alive. And now, my children, I give you these precious tokens, tokens that are very dear to me. Here is one for each of you. Keep them always by you for with them in your

✓ XIX

The two men happened to pass by an old fortune telling woman, and this woman looked at them and said, "I have to warn you now. This evening you will see something on the road that will frighten you. You have never seen anything like that before. There is only one thing that will save you. When you see anything strange this evening coming down the road, you must pull a little grass from the road, and stick that in your mouth, otherwise you will die."

One of the men was brave, and he said, "I don't believe in such things. Nothing would frighten me." And thus he dismissed the matter.

But the other was a very superstitious old man. And he was very ^{afraid} ~~scared~~ of things that were strange and odd. In the afternoon he pulled a little grass from the ground, and this grass he put in his pocket. He was well prepared in case anything should happen in the evening.

But the other ^{the} brave man, went through the evening as though nothing was going to happen.

Evening was coming on, and the man that was afraid, was shaking with fright. He put his hands in his pocket to see if the grass was still there. His hands shook so that he had a hard time finding the patch of grass in his pocket. But it was there.

In the late evening the two men were walking along the road when there appeared in the very far distance a light, a greenish light. Then quite mysteriously, it was very close.

The one who was not afraid said, "Could this be the strange thing that the woman said was going to frighten us?"

The light began to draw closer.

The one who was afraid immediately draw out the small patch of grass from his pocket which had been there since afternoon, and he put this patch of grass in his mouth quickly.

But the brave one quickly pulled a little grass then from the roadside, and he put this in his mouth. He was going to tell his friend to do the same, but when he turned around his friend had vanished away.

The man became afraid.

As the old woman had told him, this man then lay himself down on the ground. The light was right in front of him now.

The light passed over him, and looking up then he saw a procession of ghosts, of all shapes and sizes. Some had their tongue dripping down in space. Others had witch-like hair.

Others had no eye sockets. Still others had the white of the eyes flowing down like milk, and the eye balls rolling around like marbles back and forth, upwards and downwards.

At the front of the procession a group of ghosts were playing long pipes and instruments, and the sound of the music floated drearily and moaningly into space.

Two of the ghosts were carrying boards. One of them said, "Why don't you throw the board into the river?"

The other ghost said, "But I have need of this."

The procession went on, on.

All sorts of grotesque shadows and shapes came into view, and they marched right over the man who was lying quietly there on the road.

The music of the ghostly instruments filled the air with funeral sadness. The chattering and talk of the ghosts were frightfully chilling and empty.

The man remained quiet on the road.

The ghosts continued to pass by.

The music began to dim, but still the procession of ghosts went on.

Then the last ghost appeared, and the man recognized that it was his friend. His friend who was always afraid. And in this ghost's mouth there hung a small patch of grass all dried up because of the long hours it had laid in that man's pocket.

After the last ghost had gone, the small patch of grass in the mouth of the man on the road dried suddenly.

Then the man got up, and he realized that his friend was captured by the ghost because his grass was not fresh, and had not the power to fight the ghosts.

The light went on the the road, then disappeared.

The man became scare, and he went quickly down the road.

The ghostly music subdued. And quietness came quickly over the night and darkness.

The man ran.

✓
XVIIII

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In the dim past long ago, a salt peddler was passing by a little clothes store, when a heavy rain fell suddenly from the dark sky. This salt peddler went into the store, and his salt was beginning to melt very quickly, and it ran down the back of the peddler and into the floor, making an untidy mess.

One of the workers in the store called out, "Clear out of the store. You are making a very untidy mess." This salt peddler was an old man, and not very strong, and he answered, "There is a big rain falling, and I only come in here to avoid it."

"But you cannot stay here," the worker said.

But the old man refused to leave, and so the worker went to the ~~door~~ ^{owner} and said, "There is an old salt peddler outside, and his salt is melting all over the store. But he ~~has~~ refused to leave."

Now this owner of the store was a kind man and he said, "Where is this old man?"

So the worker led him there, and the owner said, "You are a merchant who sells salt?"

"Yes," the old man said, "I am very poor, and this is the way I make my living."

"And you have a big family?" the owner demanded.

"I have one daughter at home. She's nineteen now."

The worker was going to push the old man out into the rain when the owner of the store interfered and said, "Wait, I want you to come into my office, and I would talk with you."

Then for an hour or so, the old peddler and the man talked and in the end the old peddler said, "I have a daughter, and I am willing to give her to you."

"But I am an old man, and your daughter is young. Surely

you could find her a much better mate."

"But you~~s~~ are kind and gentle, and I am sure that my daughter would like you very much."

And in the end the old peddler went home and told the daughter about it, and she did what her father demanded, and thus the old man married this young girl. Soon the young mother was expecting a child, and when he was born, the child was emerged into a big basin which contains some medicinal herbs, and there the little baby was taken care of. When this child grew^{up}, he was a strong and valiant lad, and his strength was that of a grown person.

The baby child grew to be a young boy, and he was taken out of his medicinal bath, and he was strong and husky then. And he was always getting into fights and quarrels, and he caused his mother no end of trouble. Many times, the mothers and parents brought their children to the young fighter's house, and there they complained about the young fighter's troublesome ways.

This child was beyond the control of the parents, and they made no attempt to stop him, since it was useless, and the child was a born fighter.

The father was still running his clothes shops, and many times he went around to collect his bills, and one day the wife said to him, "It is well to bring your son along, since he caused so much trouble at home."

And the husband did what the wife told, and one day he took the little son along on one of his trips, and he took the son to a friend's house, and there he locked the child up in chains, and he locked the door tightly. There was no way that the child can get out. And the father went on his way.

The little son rebelled greatly in his confinement.

However, very soon the young fighter heard sounds from the next room and he heard a voice saying, "And this Old Tiger said, 'With my one fist, I shall conquer Canton, and with my feet, I shall wipe out two provinces!'"

"And who is this Old Tiger?" another voice said.

"He is a very famous fighter," the first voice answered.

The young fighter listened to all this in his locked-up room, and he said to himself, "This Old Tiger might be a great fighter, but I shall fight him, and I shall prove to him that I am greater than he is." And saying this, he was so sure of himself that he pulled off the bars in the window and climbed outside. He went along the streets, and he demanded of a passer-by, "Can you tell me something about the Old Tiger?"

"He is a very famous fighter of today," the passer-by said.

And then after he had gathered up a great deal of information, the young fighter sneaked ~~back~~ into the house of the Old Tiger, and he saw a great and massive man sitting there.

"You are the Old Tiger?" the young fighter said. And he looked around and saw that the Old Tiger was a powerful man, and all along the walls there were pasted many pictures and slogans.

The Old Tiger looked at the young boy and he said, "And what do you desire?"

The young fighter came into the room, and he said nothing whatsoever, and he went towards the walls and pulled down everything, the signs and slogans, and in this way the Old Tiger was mad, and he called out, "Stop! Or I shall throw you out of this house immediately!"

But the young man paid no attention whatsoever with what the old man said, and he continued to go around the room, and he pulled down everything. This infuriated the Old Tiger so, that he rushed at the young fighter, and he chased him until the young fighter ran back to his room where his father had left him.

That evening the father came back to get the child, and little did he know of what had happened in the afternoon. The very next day the Old Tiger came before the house of this young fighter and he said to the mother, "I will only give you a few days to surrender your boy to me. If during that time, you do not surrender him, then beware!" And saying that he left.

The Old Tiger had challenged the young fighter to a fight. And there was nothing that the mother could do. Now this mother was one who was well trained in the art of fighting, and she knew all the tricks of the fight, and so she taught this son of hers what she knew, and the son was willing to learn, and he learned quickly.

On the day of the fight the mother hid a flying sword under the shoe of the fighter and she said to him, "If the Old Tiger is winning, do not be afraid to use the knife."

The son did not tell the mother then of what he was going to do. He was not going to use the knife at all. He was sure that he can defeat the Old Tiger only with his hands.

Then he came to an enormous platform, and there the Old Tiger was waiting for him, and when the Old Tiger saw him, he smiled a little to himself, as he saw how little and young this opponent was.

And he expected to defeat the young fighter very quickly.

The two fighters went up on the platform and each tried to outwit the other.

Now in those olden times they do not fight like we do in the modern time. The fighters just fight once, and if they are successful in overthrowing ^{the} opponent, then the fight is ended, and either there is arranged another opportunity to fight, or else there is no fight at all.

Now when the Old Tiger looked at this young fighter, he knew that he will have an easy time of it, and he rushed forward, but the young fighter was quicker than he was, and he ducked down low, and the Old Tiger missed him completely.

At first the Old Tiger could hardly believe his own eyes, when he saw the agility and grace of this young opponent. Then the Old Tiger realized that this young fighter was really one gifted with strength.

And in the end, because he cannot do much harm to the fighter, the Old Tiger said, "Let us meet again some other time." The young fighter agreed, and he went home and told his mother of what had happened to him.

And the mother said, "I shall train you well this time, and when you shall meet the Old Tiger, you shall put an end to him then."

And for the many days that followed, the mother taught this son of his all the tricks and manners of the fight.

The day of the fight came, and this time the mother accompanied her son to the scene of the fight, and when she saw how brutal and sneering the expression on the face of the Old Tiger, her heart dropped, and she grew afraid, and she felt in her pocket to see if the knife is there.

The two fighters went up on the platform, and from the very beginning of the fight, the Old Tiger had the advantage, and he

beat the boy until he was black and blue. The young fighter's mother looked upon her son, and she was mad then, and ^{she} jumped up into the platform, and she stood up on a high plank, and she jumped down and fought with the Old Tiger herself. And she pulled out her knife, and she thrust it into the stomach of the Old Tiger and ripped it opened. Then she took her defeated son back home with her, and she again emerged him into a basin of medicinal liquid, and soon the son was well.

Well, the Old Tiger's wife was not yet over the death of the Tiger, and she was a fighter herself, and she challenged the mother to a fight. When the son heard of this, he did not allow his mother to fight with the Tiger's wife. And when he was well, he went to the fighting scene, and there he, too, ripped open ^{ed} the stomach of the Tiger's wife. And thus in this way the Old Tiger and his wife went to their death.

And the people were glad, for none loved this Old Tiger and his wife. And often they said to each other, "Ah, yes, the Old Tiger deserves to die. He thinks his power is too great, but that of the young fighter ^{is greater} than his."

And when people thought back of that phrase, "With my one fist I shall conquer Canton, and with my two feet, I shall wipe out two provinces," they would secretly smiled to themselves, for the Old Tiger was no more now.

XVI

Evening was coming on, and the late meal was finished. The mother said to her children, "This evening I am going out to visit some friends of mine, and I want all of you children to stay at home. I know all of you are afraid of the darkness. Your Yee Po is coming over to sleep with you tonight, and I don't want any of you to open the door to any strangers or suspicious characters."

The children looked at their mother and said, "All right, mother, we will do everything that you have told us to do."

Then the mother cleaned the table, washed the dishes, and went out to visit her friends. The children were very obedient, and after their mother had gone, they immediately locked the door.

Now when the mother was giving her instructions to the children, Long Fingernails, a weird and flesh eating she-devil, was listening to the whole conversation up on the rooftops. She licked her tongue, eager for the luscious meal she was expecting.

The night was coming on, and the darkness of the evening crept slowly into the blackness of night. Yee Po was not here yet, and the children were beginning to feel afraid. They huddled themselves into a corner, expecting anything to happen to them any moment. The house was lonely, and quiet, and the mother had not come home yet. Moment after moment, the children thought they heard weird and strange sounds, and they imagined ghosts and goblins coming forward to gobble them up. They drew closer to each other. The house was dark.

Soon there was a knock at the door, a soft lady-like knock.

"Who is there?" the big boy said.

"This is your Yee Po," the voice responded.

Immediately the fears of the little children disappeared into thin air, now that Yee Po was here to save-guard them.

"I will open the light for you, Yee Po," the big brother said.

"Oh, do not, the light would hurt Yee Po's eyes. Do not open the light."

"All right, I'll open the door for you."

The big boy went to the door and opened it. The interior of the house was very dark, and the two boys saw only a vague figure coming into the house.

Yee Po said, "Remember, do not open the lights, as the lights would hurt poor Yee Po's eyes."

"I'll remember that," the boy said.

"I guess you two children are afraid of the dark, are you not?"

"Yes," the two boys said, "we have been afraid, we thought that perhaps you would never come to sleep with us."

"But I am here now," Yee Po said, "and if you two children are afraid, let us all go to bed, as it is late now."

The children undressed themselves and jumped into the bed.

"Yee Po would sleep on the side."

"All right, Yee Po."

"Now be good boys and go to sleep. I will be here and you do not have to be afraid."

"We are not afraid now, Yee Po. You are here and we are not afraid anymore."

"Just go to sleep then, everything is going to be all right," and an eager gleam flickered into Yee Po's eyes, and she slowly licked her tongue.

The bed was warm and comfortable, and soon the two boys fell asleep, contented and safe, now that Yee Po was close to look after them. The hours passed. In the middle of the night the bigger boy began to twitch in his bed. He then awoke and he heard a sort of crunching sound near him. He opened his eyes wide, but he could see nothing, as it was very early in the dawn, and everything, the room, the bed, the figures were all pitch-dark, and he could not penetrate into the obscurity of the deep night.

He heard the sound again. He heard Yee Po moving around.

"Yee Po, what is that strange sound?"

"It is nothing, go back to bed."

The boy tried to sleep, but sleep would not come to him.

Soon he heard the crunching sound again.

"Are you eating something, Yee Po?"

"Yes, I am eating some chestnuts."

"Can I have some Yee Po?"

"Chestnuts are not good for little boys at night."

"But why are you making so much noise?"

"The chestnuts have hard shells."

"But I have good teeth," the boy said.

"Go back to sleep, little boys should not eat chestnuts at night," Yee Po said.

The noise of crunching and the smacking of lips kept the boy awake. He was getting suspicious, and he did not know why Yee Po was eating chestnuts in the middle of the night. He strained his eyes in the darkness, but was still unable to see anything. He half raised himself in his bed, and he took his arms from under

the comforter and touch his smaller brother. He felt only his head, and the entire body of the small brother was missing. The bed was all wet, and the dripping blood soaked into the big brother's hand.

Yee Po was crunching, crunching her mouth. Soon Yee Po said, "I have a bad stomach ache. I should not have eaten so many chestnuts, I guess I must have overeaten myself. Where can I go?"

The boy at this time was planning some way of getting rid of this weird devil. He knew now that the person in the bed was not Yee Po, but some ghost of strange being. He was a smart boy, and he immediately got up and went out of the door. He took a large piece of newspaper and covered up the top of the well. Then he went inside and told Yee Po.

"Just follow me, Yee Po, and I'll show you the way."

Then he led Yee Po out into the yard toward the well.

"This is the place Yee Po," the boy said, approaching the covered well.

Outside in the yard by the moonlight the boy noticed that Yee Po had long, very long fingernails, and in the cracks of the nails pieces of flesh and blood were sticking together. He also noticed that under the dress, a long tail was hidden.

Yee Po crouched^{ed} down low. Immediately the boy came up and with a heavy gesture pushed the devil down into the well. He took up a heavy long bamboo pole and with it, he killed the devil.

When the mother came back the next day, she said to the boy, "You are a smart boy, otherwise the devil would have eaten you too."

✓ XVII

The two young men had had a hard day, working long hours in the orchard, and now that the evening sun was slowly setting down into the distant horizon, they found themselves completely exhausted from the heavy work. They sat down on the bench to rest their tired bodies, fanning themselves with their hands to soothe their hot and perspiring bodies. Their work was almost finished, and the day was hot. The two men sat down, resting, and staring out into the long road that disappeared around the trees.

The two had worked from early morning until late in the afternoon, and in the cool breeze of the early evening, they had temporarily relinquish their work for a few moments of well-earned rest. They only had to work a little longer, and then their work would be through. The two men were too tired to speak to each other.

Ten minutes passed by thus. Suddenly from around the the trees where the road begins, a young beautiful lady began to walk toward the orchard, slowly bgt steadily. The two men were completely surprised at this, since no woman as lovely as that lived withint theq village or near it.

One of the young men began to smile secretly to himself. He was going to enjoy himself in a friendly little jest.

The young lady approaching was a very peculiar lady, since she held an umbrella, covering up her whole face, only her hands and lithe figure showing.

The boys were rather puzzled at this strange custom. But since it was a hot day, perhaps the girl was holding the umbrella to hide the intense heat.

One of the young men spoke to the other.

"Watch me, I'm going to kid that beautiful lady ^{who} ~~that~~ is coming up the road."

The other said, "You better let her alone. After all, she does not seem like the type that would stand any fooling around from anyone."

"But I'm going to try," the other said.

The young lady was rapidly coming forward, and she was very close to the men. Her big umbrella was still covering up her whole face, and she walked by the men without saying a single word. The jestful young ~~young~~ man was surprised at this abrupt ~~attitude~~ attitude of the lady.

"Say, what's the matter with you? Are you dumb and can't talk? Why don't you say something?" he yelled out.

The mysterious lady walked onward, paying no attention to the shouts and yells. The young man decided that he was going to get one good look at the young beautiful lady before he would let her alone. Without saying a word to his companion, he raced after the lady, while his companion tried in vain to call him back. The young man walked faster, but the young lady walked still faster. The young man increased his pace, so did the young lady. By sheer physical effort, the man finally caught up with the lady. He could only see the back, the delicate arch back of the well proportioned girl. The umbrella hid part of her head, and her ~~abony~~ ebony hair glistened as it caught the rays of the sun.

The young men caught up with the woman, and he went from one side to another, trying to catch a glimpse of the face of the girl.. But every side that he went to, the umbrella followed, hiding the face from his view.

The young man was impatient. He went directly in front of the girl, but the umbrella was quicker than he was. He could still not see the face of the young lady.

"You must have a very beautiful face, protecting it with so much attention."

The young lady remained quiet, saying nothing whatsoever.

In desperation, the young man finally jerked away the umbrella and to his surprise, he saw a long wriggling tongue, red and hot swaying forward and backward. The face was hideous, and the hair streaked down in uneven masses, dripping down like the tresses of a long ago witch. Instead of a beautiful body, the anatomy changed into a ghostly looking mass of uneven flesh. The face was pale, ghostly looking.

The young man was struck as if lightning. For one brief moment he could ^{not} speak, and then he ran away with arrow-like speed, streaking across the open country, the hideous mass of flesh chasing him, pushing him.

The companion who was still at the orchard, gazed upon with unspeakable awe upon the whole scene. He saw his companion running across the fields, and then fell down, dead. With fear in his eyes and heart, he too raced across the open country, heading for home, ~~Before~~ the ghost with the long tongue ^{could catch} ~~caught~~ up with him. He raced homeward.

V XV

Once upon a time there was a strange house, and in this strange house there lived a family. The father of this family was a very greedy person, and when he had the house built, he treated the men who built it very cruelly, and he did not give them enough to eat.

When the house was finished the family moved in, and from the very first moment, the family suffered from ill luck. First, the maid of the family died off. Then other members of the family became sick. And many times the rice was burnt, and many troubles arise. The family cannot understand why it is so.

There were two young girls living next door, and they were surprised one day to see the door locking itself. This went on for many days at the same hour. Then one day the two girls decided to go over to the next house and catch the door locking itself. So at the right time, they went in front of the door, but this time the door did not lock itself. The girls waited for quite a long time, and suddenly there was a loud click, and the door banged shut.

The girls tried to open it, but it was impossible. So the girls went home. Then that night they heard louds knocks on the wall. And for many days afterwards they heard the same sounds again and again. The two girls were not afraid, and they determined that they were going to find out what was the matter with the house next door.

The girls told the people next door about the strange knocks on the wall, and that night they sent a boy up on the roof to watch and they told him to find out if ^{he} they- could find out what it was that was causing all the trouble.

So that night the boy went up on the roof, and when the time came for the strange knocks, he heard them, but he could not see who it was that caused ^{them} it.

Well, bad luck still prevailed in the strange house. And there was nothing that the ^{people} ~~people~~ could do to eradicate these strange sounds. Then the two girls from next door heard that when the house was built the father had treated the workers very cruelly, and as a result the workers had painted the beams of the house with picture of demons and devils.

Then the family took the house apart, and they saw all these ugly pictures, and they had the house torn down, and in its place they had a new house rebuilt. Since then, there was no more trouble in the mysterious house.

Many people believe that the teachings of Confucius are religious, and that the Chinese people worship them with devotion. True, the Chinese do adore the wise sayings and philosophies of the ancient master, but not with a religious nature. Mostly it is in respect and adoration that the Chinese remember Confucius.

In China, in almost every single school and college, there is a temple devoted to the wise man, and there he is venerated and adored. All his life Confucius did not believe in the supernatural or spiritual, and he found himself respected as a divinity.

He believed that the five virtues of kindness, decorum, uprightness, wisdom, and truth, are the most important duties of mankind.

Since Confucius is the most famous Chinese it is only natural that the whole world knows about him, and his teachings of peace and government are known throughout the civilized world. He believed that before we can ^{have} proper government, we should govern ourselves, then the home, state and nation. He claimed to be a restorer of ancient morality rather than as a discover of the new.

Everyone who has ever been to school know about Confucius, and he respects what he hears about this great man. In America, even those half dead Chinese, meaning those who do not know the Chinese language, knows about this great man. So you can see how great he really is.

Confucius day is really not a holiday, as the populace do no sort of celebrating, except in schools and colleges.

Confucius day probably passes by and about eighty per cent of the people would not know it. But in the school, and we have to say a good school, this day is always remembered.

Usually the people in the school would each donate ten or fifteen cents apiece. The whole amount collected would be use for buying refreshments and soda drinks for a party to be given on that day.

The school would be gayly decorated with lanterns, with color papers, and a huge and elaborate portrait of the ancient master would be hung up high so that all could see it. In the table there would be big bowls of huge flowers. At about seven or eight in the evening the whole school of pupils would all assemble together at the school and the celebration starts.

Usually the teacher would have the blackboard filled with names and places of Chinese people and towns. He usually starts off with a short talk of the life of Confucius, his accomplishments, his fame and such things that are important. After he finishes, a student of the school will continue with something different, but nevertheless having some connection with Confucius.

Then the whole student body would join in singing the Chinese National Anthem and any special songs that seems appropriate for the celebration.

Then there would be games and dancing after the feast. Usually the party is like any other party, since there is soda water, ice cream, cakes, cookies, and candies. All plain American foods, to celebrate a wise Chinese man.

The party usually lasts until ten or eleven in the evening. And a food time and good time was had by all.. Then everyone would go home, satisfied with the food and pleasure, and no doubt forgetting every single thing he heard about the life of Confucius.

As we have said before, only the schools celebrate the day of Confucius. In the homes, the people usually forget the day, and even if they remember, they probably would do nothing, even though they might admire the great men. Of course, I mean the people here in America. Perhaps people in China are more loyal to the master.

We think that if isn't for the fact that there is a party connected with the holiday, even the schoolchildren would not be interested in the holiday. I remember how my old teacher used to shake his head.

Many years ago he used to say, "Five years from now, the Chinese children would not be able to learn the Chinese language." The five years have passed, but the children are still learning. But the real fact is that the children of present time are getting to have a harder and harder time in managing to learn the language. And many many Chinese children today do not even go to Chinese school. That in itself is bad enough.

We wonder many times what the wise Confucius think of the present day half dead Chinese.

The Chinese holidays have a very strange and exacting way in which the day correspond with the month. Thus we have a holiday on the fifth day of the fifth month, the Festival of the Dragon; a holiday on the seventh day of the seventh month, the Festival of the Seven Fairies; a holiday on the tenth day of the tenth month, Independence Day. Perhaps it is just coincidence, or perhaps it is deliberately done to make a holiday come on a certain day. But nevertheless, it is interesting to know about these peculiar days and months.

We have to say at this beginning that the Festival of the Seven Fairies is celebrated over here by a very very small minority. We know of one family here who celebrates the day as an important event.

Perhaps some of the readers may have had the experience of visiting a Chinese home, and is surprised at the bottles of liquid standing in straight row on the shelves. He may wonder to himself that the Chinese is a smart lot, and is putting one over on the eighteenth amendment. Usually the bottles are covered with thick layers of dust and cobwebs, giving the impression that the contents of the bottles are very unhealthy and dangerous. Perhaps to his surprise on closer inspection to find on opening the bottle a very refreshing and sweet smell ejecting from the bottle. He may wonder to himself as to what it is. He may open a bottle and drink a little of it. There is no taste to it.

But the thing that would strike at the curiosity of the stranger would be the clear and mirror-like appearance of the liquid. It is like sparkling spring water, and that is just what it is, sparkling water taken from tap, perhaps ten or five years ago.

Imagine water that has been kept in air tight bottles for many years, and still retains all the freshness and vitality of fresh water when it is emptied out for use many years later and you will have a small idea of the strange and many numerous things that the Seven Fairies could do.

This is a fact and it is not supposed to ^{be} superstition or tradition.

July the seventh, (old Chinese calendar) is know as the Festival of the Seven Fairies. It is a day in which all the girls do the celebrating, and the men folks do nothing except to watch and see the girls do the celebrating.

But to go back to the water. Many years ago I used to remember little things that begin to again pop up in my mind again. I see the kitchen with it pots and pans all ^{laid} ~~lay~~ down in thick piles on the floor. The Festival of the Seven Fairies is a day that passes by without anyone knowing about it, so quiet a day is it. Usually the friends and relatives would phone to one another and tell each other to draw water from the faucet. I remember how my mother used to take down all the pails and available bottles, draw the water from the tap on July the seventh, as near twelve o'clock in the afternoon. It is always understood that any water drawn from the faucet on the seventh could keep for many years, but those that are drawn at exactly at noon have a sort of magical power.

Tea from this water are said to be very tasteful and sweet. I remember one case in which a boy became afflicted with some sort of skin trouble. The mother after having tried almost everything was about to give up the case as hopeless.

She happened to hear about this water and came to our house to collect them. This water was kept for almost two whole years and my mother gave her ^yeverything she possessed. She went around to the other friends and relatives and collect^{ed} enough for the woman. The woman took this water home and heated it. She gave some to the boy to drink, and the others she heated and used it for a bath. Almost miraculously the boy began to be better, and in a very short time he was well.

Now most old people look upon this water with reverence. They will try to avoid using it if they can help it. Only under the most important occasion, such as bathing a diseased hand or things of that sort would they take out the water and use it. Others keep it in the house for years just because of the legend connected with it.

When the people draw the water from the tap they do not bottle it up immediately. They take it into the backyard or any open space where the sun could shine upon it. By doing this it is said that the Seven Fairies would change the water into the kind that would not perish for years. Then after a few minutes out of door the water is taken ^Ninside and put into small bottles. Or large bottles. Most of this water are used for bathing purposes.

It has been years and years since we have water of this sort in our house. For the past few years we haven't been doing it as the holiday usually passes by before we realized it. Many ^{ie}family continue drawing this water out with great regularity.

As we said before, this holiday is celebrated by very few people, less than a handful.

There is a certain woman who celebrates this holiday with

great reverence. Every single year without exception she decorates her house in an elaborate fashion. She would take out all the old furniture in the room and redecorate the room into a spacious and interesting style. First she would have a very long table, this is done by joining three or four tables together, and over this table she put a piece of clean cover made of silk, sometimes cotton. And on the table she would place some of the most unusual objects, some as small as the tip of a finger, but the proportion of the figure or ^{animal} ~~animal~~ retains all of the lifelike expression. Then there is a series of articles, all seven in number. There would be seven small chairs, seven fairies, seven tables, seven bowls, seven chopsticks. all in miniature, but in ^x exact proportion to the real thing.

Then all around the room there would be baskets and lanterns made by simply pasting watermelon seeds together. And I have been told once that they are made by simply putting one piece next to each other and they would stick together. There would be little miniature bridges and lakes, (small pieces of mirror being used) and all sort of tiny and intricate trinkets. It is all like a fantasy or a delicate dream, like the tinkling of a silver fairy bell. It is as if a person is suddenly transformed into a world of miniature and he himself belongs to the age of the Seven Fairies.

This exhibition usually lasts a few days to give the public a chance to see what it is like. But yearly the attendance is steadily declining more and more. But we have a slight feeling that this certain woman would continue doing all this elaborate things, attendance or no attendance.

in the room and reference the room into a something
and the table. I like the table have a very long top
one of joining three or four of the together, and over
this is the part of the room covered by the table, as the
corner. And on the table are really only a few of the most
numerous objects, some as small as the tip of a finger, but the
position of the finger or small object is of the lifeline
the line. Then there is a series of articles, all given in number
there will be seven small ones, some smaller, some larger.

reference to the real value.
Then all around the room there would be a series of numbers
and by simply counting the number of objects together. And I have
been told once that they have a table, but the table
objects each other and they could select together. There would
be little numbers bridges and lanes, (small pieces of wire
the table) and all sort of things in intricate patterns. It is
silver fairy tale. It is as if a person is in a fairy tale
into a world of miniature and he himself belongs to the story
the seven tables.

This exhibition really is a fair and the only
a chance to see what it is like. And really the attraction is
the feeling more and more. And we have a slight feeling
this certain woman would continue with all this things.

Every single article in the exhibition is hand made and with the greatest of care. There are delicate home made slippers, baskets and all sort of oddities. Each one is a masterpiece of workmanship.

In short the holiday is celebrated like this in America. People draw water on the seventh of July as near noon as possible. This water could be kept in bottles for years and years and has some sort of magical power in healing.

Then there is the exhibition known as the Display of the Seven Sisters, or the Display of the Seven Fairies. There is none of the superstition connected with the holiday over here.

But in China there is a great deal more.

The young girls, especially the one who are not married, prepare for the holiday on the sixth, the day before the real holiday. On the sixth of July the young girls are not supposed to eat any fish, but only vegetables and things not connected with the fish. Of course those who are married could eat anything they wish, but if they refrain from eating fish and things like that so much better for them. Those who are unmarried and who eat fish on that day are supposed to suffer bad luck.

Now there is a way in which the people could find out what the people has eaten. In the night the people would have a big bowl of water. The young unmarried girls would all gather around the bowl of water. Each one would take turns in looking into the water. She would take a long bean sprout and drop it into the water. Immediately in the shadow

SYMPOSIUM

The following is a summary of the papers presented at the symposium on the treatment of the patient with a heart attack. The papers were presented by the following authors:

1. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

2. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

3. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

4. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

5. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

6. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

7. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

8. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

9. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

10. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

11. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

12. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

13. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

14. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

15. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

16. The treatment of the patient with a heart attack.

of the water a faint shadow would appear. If the girl has eaten fish, the shadow of a fish would appear, if she has eaten vegetable, the shadow of a vegetable would appear. And so forth. Also in the night the young girls would all kneel down on the floor before the Seven Fairies and say prayers. After that everyone would try her best at piercing the thread through a needle. The one that do the quickest is suppose to have good luck and prosperity. The one who do it slow is supposed not to have as much luck as the quicker ones.

Of course, we have none of this America.

There is an old legend that on that day long ago a young lady could weave a great quantity of cloth, and she weaves so fast that she amazes everyone. It is only on that day that she is able to do this. She ~~was~~^{is} allowed half an hour to do this and during this time she is able to weave a great quantity.

Now the seven fairies are known as the seven Goddess of the heaven. And once every year they would come down from their heavenly home and meet a certain person called Yow Long, and according to the legend, he is supposed to be a sort of a husband. And every year on the seventh this reunion takes place. It is the meeting of husband and wives. And according to something I heard, another reunion takes place up in the heavens, and after the sister gave birth to a son, the son is sent down into the earth.

Now on the seventh day, all the people would draw water and keep it. In the evening at exactly eleven o'clock the water is drawn and by looking into the water one could see

what he has eaten for the day.

After the reunion the seven sisters return to the heavens until the next year when the reunion takes place again. And that as far as we know is the legend connected with the Festival of the Seven Fairies.

Many people are skeptical about beliefs and superstition connected with the holiday. But the very fact that water drawn on the seventh day does keep and retain all its original property should dispell any doubt from a person's mind. Personally I don't know whether water drawn on any other day would keep for a period of years or not. But I do know that the water taken out of the faucet on the seventh day does keep for many years.

The legend about the seven fairies is a very interesting one, very different and unique. And the miracle that they do to water is also very startling.

If they could only help a person with his work, such as writing or typing, perhaps we, who are always doubtful of superstition^{tion} and legends could say too, "We also believe in the seven fairies."

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It is really very puzzling how a moon could have anything to do with a holiday, but since this world is Ripley conscious, it is only natural that strange and bewildering things happen.

This world is forever revolving around the sun, and we have seasons, winter, summer, autumn, and fall, and we know by reading books that there are spots in the sun, and holes in the moon, and that the moon causes tidal waves and floods. And also, in the dim dark ages, continuous rainfall fell for centuries, slowly cooling the mass of hot substance what is now known as the earth. Then came the ages, the age of the fish, the age of mammals, the reptiles, the cavemen and now the age of modern men.

And when the rain began to stop, lakes, oceans and seas were formed. The land contracted making mountains, hills, and valleys. And then for centuries evolution took place, and then to the surprise of everyone the fish was a man (the poor fish) and the man wasn't a fish, but an ape. Perhaps this is an insult to the ape.

Then there were stars, and the heavenly bodies settled down and became satellite and planets, and there was a moon too. And the moon revolves around the earth, and the earth revolves around the sun, and the sun stays still. This then is a short story of geology. And serves as an introduction to one of China's oldest holidays, the Festival of the Moon.

The Festival of the Moon, we have been told, has been in existence since there is a world, so either geology is wrong, or the legend is wrong, and you can take your choice. The Festival of the Moon began way back when the world first started.

The moon is supposed to be a beautiful young lady, very attractive and every night the people from down below looked up and admired her. This moon is very timid and she feels embarrassed by the constant attention the men folks pay her. Therefore she speaks to the sun, a male and say she is willing to change places with him. So finally after much argument the sun consented, and the lady became a sun, and the male became the moon. Now to hide her beauty the young lady sun spread out a ray of sunshine so that when men look up to flirt with her, her rays of sunshine would so hurt their eyes that they have to let her alone. And that was how the sun became a lady and the moon became a man.

The eclipse is something of a calamity. Nothing could throw more fear into the hearts of the old villagers than to see an eclipse. There is talk that the sun is making love to the moon, and does not wish to have human eyes watch them. Therefore the fairies of the heavens cast a shadow and hide the love making from the view of the populace.

But the more popular talk is that the lady in the moon is eating it up and after the eclipse is passed, it is said that she is eliminating the moon out again. Now when an eclipse happens the old villagers would burn candles and say prayers up the open sky to save the moon from being completely devoured. Not only in China is this belief still prominent, but in America right today many old Chinese still thinks that an eclipse is caused by the lady devouring the moon.

But we just said that the moon was a male, and how in the heck a lady is devouring it is more than we can explain.

Maybe it's a concubine of the sun. Maybe.

There is also stated in the legend that the moon is the guardian of a huge and elaborate tree, and the tree is so strong that it defies anyone who attempts to chop it down or wreck it. The moon is the sole guardian of the tree, and looks after it constantly and faithfully. If this tree is ever chopped down, the end of civilization and the world will come.

The tree is strong and sturdy, and so far everyone who has attempted to break it down has failed.

Now on the fifteenth of August, the moon is supposed to be the brightest and roundest the whole year around. On this day, The Festival of the Moon, the moon symbolizes the fact that because the moon is round, and on that night it shines the brightest for the year, it also brings hope into the hearts of the multitude that humans beings on this earth shall too be round and full and shine its brightest in spirit and understanding. And that my dear friends, is the story of the Festival of the Moon.

On the night of the fifteenth the people say prayers to the moon. And they would burn wax candles, and offered delicate and tempting dishes to the moon. It has been said that anything offered to the moon could keep for many days without spoiling. There is a Chinese foods known as "wu tow" which is more or less like a potato, very starchy, and dark gray in color. The people always uses this food for offerings to the Gods. Time and time again after this "wu tow" is cooked they spoiled unless eaten very quickly. But those that are put in front of the candles and offered as foods to the Gods keep for a long

time and do not spoil for many days.

Usually on the tables are spread out small cups of rice and wine, and also chopsticks so that when the moon is hungry, he shall eat what he desires. Sometimes a chicken is put on the center of the table, with something red stuck in his mouth. Then the red candles would be burned. Also on the tables would be fresh fruits such as grapes and oranges, bananas, and most important of all "Ling gawk" a sort of black thing shaped like a flying bird in motion, and what the English equivalent for it, we do not know. These "ling gawk" are cooked until soft and tender, and even then they are hard enough to crack your false teeth, and are also offered to the moon at prayer.

Like the Festival of the Dragon, on this days people exchange gifts and bring each other presents of foods and edible articles. After the foods have been offered to the moon the people take this same foods and prepare an elaborate and stunning meal from it. They take great pleasure in eating this food, since the moon ^{has} ~~have~~ a sort of influence over it. And in the evening there are great elaborate meals for the families.

Now in the cities where people are more rich and have the money to celebrate, they do it in a much more elaborate fashions. The friends and relatives would bring things and give it to each other.

In those houses where there is a open roof people go up in the evening and decorate the roof with brilliant lanterns and decorations.

Going up to the roof tops one could see across the whole city and see lanterns swaying to the soft wind of the evening and this is indeed a sight for anyone to see. And on the evening of the fifteenth, everyone in the household will go up to the roof and look at the moon.

Up there they would have their meals, right in the moonlight and lantern light. They would wait until the moon is right over their heads and then say a silent prayer to themselves. The people would all stay up near the roof for the whole evening and play mah jong by moonlight and lanternlight. And thus a whole evening is spent up on the roof.

Those who are very superstitious do not stop here. The next day, the sixteenth, they would say prayers to the sun, and offer foods and articles to the sun.

But the majority of the people only say prayers to the moon, and the poor sun is forgotten completely.

In China the holiday is very elaborate and dazzling and the sight of thousands of lanterns swaying up on the rooftops to and fro is really an eyefilling and breathtaking sight. The people stay up on the roof-tops for many hours playing many rounds of mah jong and tin gow, both very popular Chinese games.

Another important food for the day is peanuts. This too is sometimes put on the table as offerings to the moon. Of course, no holiday is complete without melon seeds. The people take the black and red melon seeds up to the roof and munch them between games and pauses.

The moon up in the heavens shines its brightest and fullest.

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Then that is the Festival of the Moon.

In America there is no hanging of lanterns in the roof-tops, but in many homes the housewives still offer foods and wine to the ^{moon} ~~wine~~ on the night of the fifteenth. In many modern homes the holiday is not celebrated at all.

On this day the exchanging of gifts is still very popular, more popular than the Festival of the Dragon, and people spend a great deal ^{of} money back and forth.

The housewives will buy a stack of good luck paper and they would burn them after the prayers. Usually the house is stack full of fresh fruits, mostly oranges and apples, and these are to be eaten by members of the family after the moon prayer, or else they are given away to friends.

People usually give oily foods on this day, why we do not know, only that they are the kinds of foods that keep the longest and take the most time to eat. So that the friends could remember who gave them the foods, nice friends, eh?

Usually the people have a great dinner at night, composed of fancy foods and wine, and the Festival of the Moon is over. Over here almost nobody offers foods or prayers to the sun as in China. They celebrate the Festival of the moon and that is all.

The main idea of the Festival of the Moon is that the people in this earth shall shine bright and full as the moon itself.

And that, we have a suspicion will never really ever happens

IX

It is very difficult to find the appropriate title for a Chinese holiday and have it mean as near as the original Chinese name. The fifth of May is one of the more important Chinese holidays, a day which has its beginning more than three hundred years ago, according to my Chinese teacher. I remember that when I was small I used to hear and see this holiday pass by, and not for once did I inquire as to the reason or reasons for the celebration.

I remember long ago, when people and friends used to bring oyster sauce and ducks dipped in oil to my house. I remember my mother phoning to the food store and ordering many different articles of merchandise and donating them back to the kind friends and relatives that brought all the delicious foods to the house. I remember how my mother used to burn those good luck candles, and burn stacks of golden papers, and the cups of wine and rice flickering in the soft light of the burning incense still linger in the dim past of my mind.

I used to sit at the table and watch people eat, ducks, fancy foods, and all sort of dishes. And wine too. And then as the years went by, I remember how it happened, and how the day became so that today it is so much ^{more} different from what I used to know. No longer do I see those golden papers burning in the kitchen, nor the bright lights of the red wax candles flickering. About the only thing that happens on this day is the exchanging of foods such as ~~the~~ oyster sauce, ducks, and Chinese tobacco, which the old women love dearly. And perhaps we will have a meal of all these foods, and that is about all that happens, absolutely nothing more.

And in recent years we don't even have that fancy meals. So it seems that another holiday over here is on the downhill slide to oblivion. Now the Festival of the Dragon is another one of those holidays that belongs to the old calendar.

The reason for the holiday as far as I can find out was that on the fifth of May a certain important man, bitterly disappointed because of political difficulties with another important man of another section of the country, was faced with bitter despair. So on that day, the fifth of May, the one and only thing that he could do was to jump ^{into} a certain river. All this happened in the province of Wunan. Of course we have been told of this and that, and an old woman even went as far as to say something about double toes, about ghost, and evil spirits. And she ended up with saying, "Of course, I only heard of this."

Holidays, especially Chinese holidays are very hard to trace, some of them being happened so very long ago, that even the old Chinese themselves do not definitely know themselves. But down through the generations the people ^{add} this and a little of that to it, that the holiday takes on a very complicated meaning, as puzzling as a politician in office.

Now in China every holiday is observed with religious regularity, and all the old customs and manners are exactly just what they used to be. Even today in the old villages, nothing has changed.

We found out from a woman ~~exactly~~ how the holiday is celebrated in the particular village. In most of the small villages of China, the majority, or to be more exact, almost

everyone is poor. And being poor it is naturally true that they are ignorant, ignorant of the events of the world, of literature, and everything that is of any importance whatsoever. So it is not surprising to know how little they know of the holidays, except what they have been told by their elders, and they in turn learn about customs and celebration from their fathers and mothers.

And when these people wandered away to lands far away, they begin to drop old customs and traditions, and little by little they would forget, although they still celebrate the holiday. So that today in the Festival of the Dragon, we see very very little excitement. But in China the old customs still prevail.

In China all kind of superstition accompanies the holiday. Originally perhaps this holiday was celebrated because of an important event. But somehow, somewhere some sort of superstition manages to creep in and is still in evidence.

One of the most important things that people do in the Festival of the Dragon is the exchanging of gifts, although in one instance, in talking to another woman, we found out that people do not give any gifts on that day, but the majority of people do. The people in the villages would put all the foods and gifts in big baskets made of strong bamboo, and carry them to their friends and neighbors, and they in turn would give back some of the original things that the neighbors bring them and add some which they purchase themselves. And then there ^{are} ~~is~~ the usual praying, of burning incense, and elaborate meals.

Now the day is supposed to be one of evil spirits, and

devils, (we heard that one before) and there are strange ways to keep them away. They way ~~do~~ ^{they} this is like this. They take some fine white powdery powder and dye it into a scarlet red. When the ghosts see this color, they would take to running and leave the people alone. So the old villagers take thks red powder and paste it on the walls and bedrooms to frighten the spirits away. But they don't and here. They take this powder and paint it on the stomach of the infants, right on the er...er... right on the stomach. Or regions near.

Now one of the most important thing of this holiday is the wrapping of cooked rice in dried leaves. This is known as "jone." The rice is cooked into a thick massy and gluelike consistency, and ~~in~~ the center of this mixture is stuffed with salt duck egg centers, fat pork, and occasionally some roast chestnuts. This whole thing is wrapped with green leaves and tied with strings made of leaves.

This "jone" the people give around to each other. There are two kinds. One is the sweeten, the ~~other~~ is the salted kind. The sweet kind is like a transparent glaze of looking glass, yellow in color, and some spots of red here and here. This ^{is} made of pure rice, and perhaps brown sugar. I don't know.

Of course, there is the elaborate dinner at night, when friends and relatives ~~perhaps~~ would gather together and feast.

Now in the important cities and sometimes in the villages near the open waters, the dragon boat races are held. This is a very elaborate and colorful pageant for the spectators, as all the color and glamour is concentrated together into one magnificent event.

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Usually the men in the town gather together and have races. The dragon boats are huge and elaborate affairs, very ^cspetacular^{and} [^]breathhtaking as it glisten down the river. And every-one of the townfolks who could make it will line all along the river's edges and witness the race and join in the general enthusiasm.

Each man in the boats will try their best to outdo the other, and even if they lose in the race they nevertheless will have had a great time of it all.

Now after all this enthusiasm a note of seriousness will creep in. People will take the "jone" and cooked rice and throw them into the river. This is to pay tribute to the man who threw himself into the river so long ago, and the result was a holiday.

And that as far as we can find out ~~is~~ the way in which the celebration is observed back in the old country.

But in America there is no dragon boat races, no throwing of "jone" into the river, nor any of the painting of red ^opwder on person's stomach.

It is still a mystery to us as to how the dragon has anything to do with this holiday. But in almost every Chinese holiday, a dragon figures somewhere, you can't get away from it. They are as thick as Jap soldiers along the great wall, which is no longer great.

And strangely enough we do not have any dragon parade over here on the Festival of the Dragon. We only see it in the New Year ^{and} on the seventh day, and even then, we cannot be sure of it. But you can be sure that when anybody wishes to

raise money for some purpose they would be able to collect a great deal by just parading the dragon around the town.

Over here in America the holiday is observed by the majority of the Chinese people. Usually the people give gifts to each other. And in the evening there would be a meal composed of fancy foods. In the more superstitious homes there would be prayers and burning of candles.

But all the excitement and enthusiasm of the holiday is completely lacking, with the results ~~than~~^{that} in comparison with the celebration of the same holiday in China, we have a very pale and delicate affair. Partly due to the modernizing of the Chinese, and partly due to the getting away from old superstition and beliefs.

However, the day is a grand opportunity for the different stores to do some great advertising. They would take the "jones" and pass them around to the customers with a kind word to the effect that they hope that the customers would continue to buy from them. In fact the store do this on every important holiday, sometimes bringing to the customers live chickens, ducks, stacks of Chinese made cookies, and sometimes oyster sauce.

But most of the people buy their goods from their friends and relatives, and nothing can influence them to change their minds.

Over here, as the years go by, little by little the excitement and observance of the holidays are disappearing, and we would not be surprised to see the children of today completely ignorant, when they grow up, of the Festival of the Dragon.

~~Part II~~
The Festivals: Celebrations

New Year is just around the corner, (they said that about prosperity too, but they ^{are} still looking for the corner) and this seems an appropriate time to write about it. We are happy to announce that the New Year's celebration by the Chinese ^{is} ~~are~~ much more simplified in recent years, although many who love the elaborate and painstaking fuss of former years might be disappointed in the quietness and calmness of the holidays.

It is very evident to the observer that the Chinese New Year has lost much of its Oriental glamour, its fanciful and weird customs, and its very typical Chinese atmosphere, which always manage to puzzle this Occidental world. However, on the other hand, the celebrations are more simple, and much of the former minute details are completely done away with.

This change is a very gradual one, beginning back to many years, and slowly but continuously changing until today in some respects, a very modern manner has set in; while, at the same time, in many other households the old and traditional customs are strictly upheld. And still in some other households the New Year's celebration ^{is} ~~are~~ not even observed at all, and the people do not care.

New Year is always an important holiday to every nation. It is a day when everyone looks forward to something better; a day in which all rivalry and jealousy are supposed to be things of the past. And as I have been told, much as I dislike believing it, that certain people in the interior of China takes a bath the day before the New Year, the one and only one, until the next year rolls along.

9
U.S.
Introduction

in U.S. introduction

The important thing is that the New Year has changed quite considerably. And we can say quite definitely that many years from now, the way of celebration ^{will} be different, of course, the main traits and outline would be the same, but undoubtedly many new and different manners and ways of celebrating ^{will} creep in unconsciously.

We have written about the New Year before, but we have only touched the surface of it, and hastily skinned over the important parts of it. ^{we give} Now ~~for~~ a little more detail.

Now let us turn back the clock, and imagine ^{ourselves} ~~us~~ as being members of a Chinese family, let us say, ^{one of} about ten years ago.

We are to see how a holiday is to be celebrated.

in U.S. preparation

New Year is just a few days off, and everyone in the city ^{is} ~~are~~ excited. The children are eagerly looking forward to the day when they will receive money wrapped in red paper. The mothers of the family are busily digging into their small trunks to get out the long silken robes, which they are to wear on the first day, and ~~to~~ discard ^{and} their old black pants and jackets. New Year's excitement is in the air, in the way the people talk, in their eyes and faces. And perhaps all along the street corners, the old man who sells lily bulbs ^{is} ~~are~~ putting his wares on the sidewalks, the single layer, and the double layers lilies.

The stores are doing big business. Red and black melon seeds are easily and quickly disposed of. Ichee nuts, melon candy, and dried cocoanut candy are readily ^{gobbled up} ~~gobbled up~~ by the busy housewives. The New Year is coming quickly and time is very valuable.

year
the
for

New Year's eve is considered one of the most important days of the New Year, important because it is the very last day of the old year, and the introduction to the new. On that day the housewives will be busily wrapping quarters and fifty cents pieces in red paper, which are later to be distributed to the children of their numerous friends. And the men folks probably went to the bank the day before, and took out all the elaborate jewels and rings, and pearl necklaces which are to ~~be~~ adorned on the lovely necks of the women, provided of course, that the high neck of the long Chinese robes does not hide the neck from view.

S

One of the things that the women folks enjoy doing is making Chinese fancy dough cakes. And more than once it is said, that the one who fails to make them nice and pretty on New Year's eve would probably have a very bad year ahead of her. So the housewives usually take a great deal of care and see that the cooking for that day ^{does} ~~do~~ not burn, especially the rice; and see that everything runs smoothly so that the year can be ushered in with a good and cheerful mood. There are housewives who will worry their heads off, because either on the eve or on the first day something has gone wrong. Sometime it is a trifling thing of no important consequence ~~or~~ ~~importance~~, but during the time of New Year beware to the one who does anything to offend one of these superstitious old women. Manners are ~~the~~ most important during these trying days. Friends who usually are jolly and chummy together ~~would~~ sit down more or less like strangers trying to act in a dignified manner quite foreign to them.

But why all this formal and dignified acting? As far as I was able to find out it seems to be this.

Everything has a beginning. Every celebration and holiday is started by something. So is the New Year. According to a woman ^{with} whom I had quite a talk, the New Year seems to have its beginning way way back long ago. And the beginning, which undoubtedly has its beginning some here else, all ~~can~~ ^{can be} explained in one word, superstition.

The first day of the New Year is a day when all the evils of the world, of the heavens, of hell, are supposed to come out and invade the world. Everything that is connected with the wicked and evil are supposed to have full sway that day. Now in order to combat this ~~horde of~~ invisible army, the Chinese set the day aside as one of importance, and everyone should have a good word for his friends and enemies so that the devils and ghosts ~~could~~ not dominate them. But how do the people go about this?

They greet each other, and wish each other good luck for the coming year, and hope that prosperity and fortune would come ~~some~~ to each one. And they have celebrations to proclaim the defeat of the evil, and to announce the triumph of the good. And down through the long ages of history, a custom ~~is~~ to give money to each other, ~~and~~ all wrapped up in red or gold paper. And good luck slogans and everything imaginable thing connected even remotely with good luck is taken into serious consideration, such as the eating of "jide," the offerings donated to the good luck Goddess, the burning of incense on floors of every single room, and every single doorway.

To those who do believe in these strange, but fascinating customs, and this is very rare in China, it simply means that the party concerned does not believe in ghosts and the legends brought down through the ages.

But the New Year does not end here. It ^{goes} on for days and days afterward. After the invasion of the unearthly ghosts has been successfully repulsed, it always is; then the real celebration starts. There will be feasting, and merriment that last at the very least a week.

In China no one could go out of his house and visit friends until he ^fofficially opens the New Year. This is usually done by offering food and wine to the Gods and doing all the necessary things he is supposed to do, such as eating "jide" shooting off firecrackers, and wrapping money ⁱⁿ red good luck paper. Then and only then are they free to go out and visit their friends and exchange greetings to each other.

And New Year's eve, according to this woman, is quite an important day. The women locked themselves in the kitchen and make dough cakes. And no matter how poor they make them, they are not supposed to say so, ~~for~~ by saying so, she would automatically bring ^{bad} luck upon the whole group of women. If during this time, should someone come in, and at the precise moment one of the "ginsdur" should explode like an Italian shell on Ethiopian's earth, then that too is a sign of bad luck. Usually the group of women is easily silent and refrain from speaking if they can help it. And even if they should speak, they should only say the good things and ^{not} mention anything that ^{is} are not good or, of ill omen.

repulse
evil spirits

China
New Year's
opening

China
evil
preparation

Of course, scarlet red is the lucky color of the Chinese, *dark* and during all good holidays, the mothers would dress their little darlings in dazzling color of brilliance, ~~that any art teacher would scream her head off, if she should see them.~~

There would ^{be} a great deal of entertaining, parties, and huge and elaborate celebrations.

Now another important thing that they do in China is to make fancy cakes, huge puddings ~~and put them away until the proper day to eat them, and by that time they are probably ruined and they do not taste one tenth as well as if they are eaten when freshly done.~~ But it is the custom, and the people follow it almost rigidly, even if the stomach does not agree favorably. One of the most important things ^{made} ~~done~~, is the brown sugar pudding. This is usually done by the housewives themselves on New Year's eve, or perhaps a few days before. After it is finished, a piece of money, wrapped in red paper, is put on top, ~~yes~~, for good luck. And this pudding ~~will be laid on the table and not to be eaten until the seventh day of the year, the Birthday of Men.~~

The seventh day is another important day. It is known as the Birthday of Men. On that day, the people of the whole world are supposed to get together and celebrate the event as one big holiday. They celebrate the triumphant march of the good, and the defeat of the evil. (Officially, the New Year ends on the seventh day, But some people celebrate until the fifteenth, which is known as the Double New Year. But in America this Double New Year is almost unheard of, It is not as important as the New Year.)

No one is to eat fish during the eve or this first day, or anything connected with the fish, or ^{anything that} smell like it. It is a sign of bad luck, ^{as} you probably guess this too.

eat
fish
day
taboo

And then the mothers would buy red and green things that are fried, and these they put on the table for a few days to a week.

120

Now the Chinese people are divided in ^{to} clans, and each clan is divided in something else, and each and every one has its own variations of celebrating the year. ~~These~~ variations are very slight, and are not worth putting down.

Every day of the New Year has a name. The first day is called the Birthday of the Chicken, The second day, the Birthday of the Dog. Then followed the Birthday of the Pig, the Birthday of the Lamb, the Birthday of the Cow, the Birthday of the Horse, (did I hear a laugh?), the Birthday of Men. Those are the seven important days. Wait, there ^{are} three more, ~~then~~ the Birthday of the Soldier, or rather the Birthday of Wheat, which comes before the Birthday of Soldier, and finally the Birthday of the Robber.

~~Well, this sounds something like the Dionne's household.~~

~~Don't ask us why or the reason for all ^{to} these names and things. The people who told this ^{to} us do not know themselves, so how could we? So there you are, to take it or leave it.~~

The very superstitious family ^{yes} do not sweep the floors for one whole week. The more dirt and melon seeds on the floor, the more prosperity it means to the household. ~~Remember I only said mean.~~

But for those who are not so particular ~~they~~ sweep their

good
or bad
luck

give

variation

name
of 10 days

no
sweeping
floor
10 days
celebration

11 floors every other day, or every other two days. And another indication that foretells rather one ~~has~~ ^{will have} good luck or bad is the Chinese lily. If the flowers do not sprout, or if the bulb manages to bloom but very feebly, it means that one will not have very good luck for the coming year.

Many things happen in the New Year. Old acquaintances are renewed. Usually people who are busy go to see each other only once a year. They do it every year with great regularity.

Of course, there is the usual ^{ex}changing of cooked foods. One woman will bring some of her dough cakes to another, and she in turn will bring back some of her own. (We have to admire her courage anyway.) And so it goes.

In the more superstitious family, the mother usually goes to an old fortune telling woman and have fortunes told of the whole family, about their health, their fortunes, and their chances of going back to the old country. And it is surprising how much they believe in such things.

And a New Year is not complete without firecrackers, noise, and all that goes with it, which is plenty, as Mae West would say it.

The grand finale of the year is the seventh day. And one of the important sights of the Birthday of Men is the dragon parade. Somehow or another, the dragon seems to be a symbol connected with celebrations, therefore, it is only natural to see the dragon on the Birthday of Men.

It is considered good luck to have the dragon visit the house or store. It is supposed to bring luck and prosperity. People who had suffered bad luck, and stores that did not do

few
practices

preparation

on
2
day
the dragon

too well welcome the dragons with open arms.

The way they go about this is like this.

First take a lettuce, (don't bother about washing it), and tie the lettuce to a string. Finished? All right, now get a nail, it doesn't matter if it is a bit rusty, and nail it about one foot away from the top of the front door. Now hang the lettuce there and get off from your stool and go into your room and get a dollar bill, although a two, five, or ten are not excluded, and wrapped that ⁱⁿ red paper. Now hang that small paper right beneath the lettuce, and wait for the good luck dragon to come. Meanwhile while waiting, you can go into the kitchen and cook your rice, or anything you happen to be doing. Now when you ^{hear} firecrackers sputtering and exploding, hurry outside. You will see a man doing a hula shimmy underneath a maze of ornaments and firecrackers exploding near his feet.

Your heart ^{will} perhaps take a leap, as you realize that the dragon is knocking at your door. The sounds of gongs and the ^{all} screaming of some musical instruments ^{all} would come near and stop right at your very door. The man under the dragon ^{all} would stop his shimmy shewmy and make three deep bows, (count then if you don't believe me) and suddenly would burst forth in a elaborate and dizzy dance. The man under the dragon would open the mouth of the dragon and chew off the lettuce, money and all, especially the money part, and then makes three deep bows. Meanwhile you are just enthralled with it all, realizing that good luck has come into your household at last. You light a package of firecrackers and let 'em have it.

Then a man ^{you} would come up and give you a red card, thanking for your generous donation.

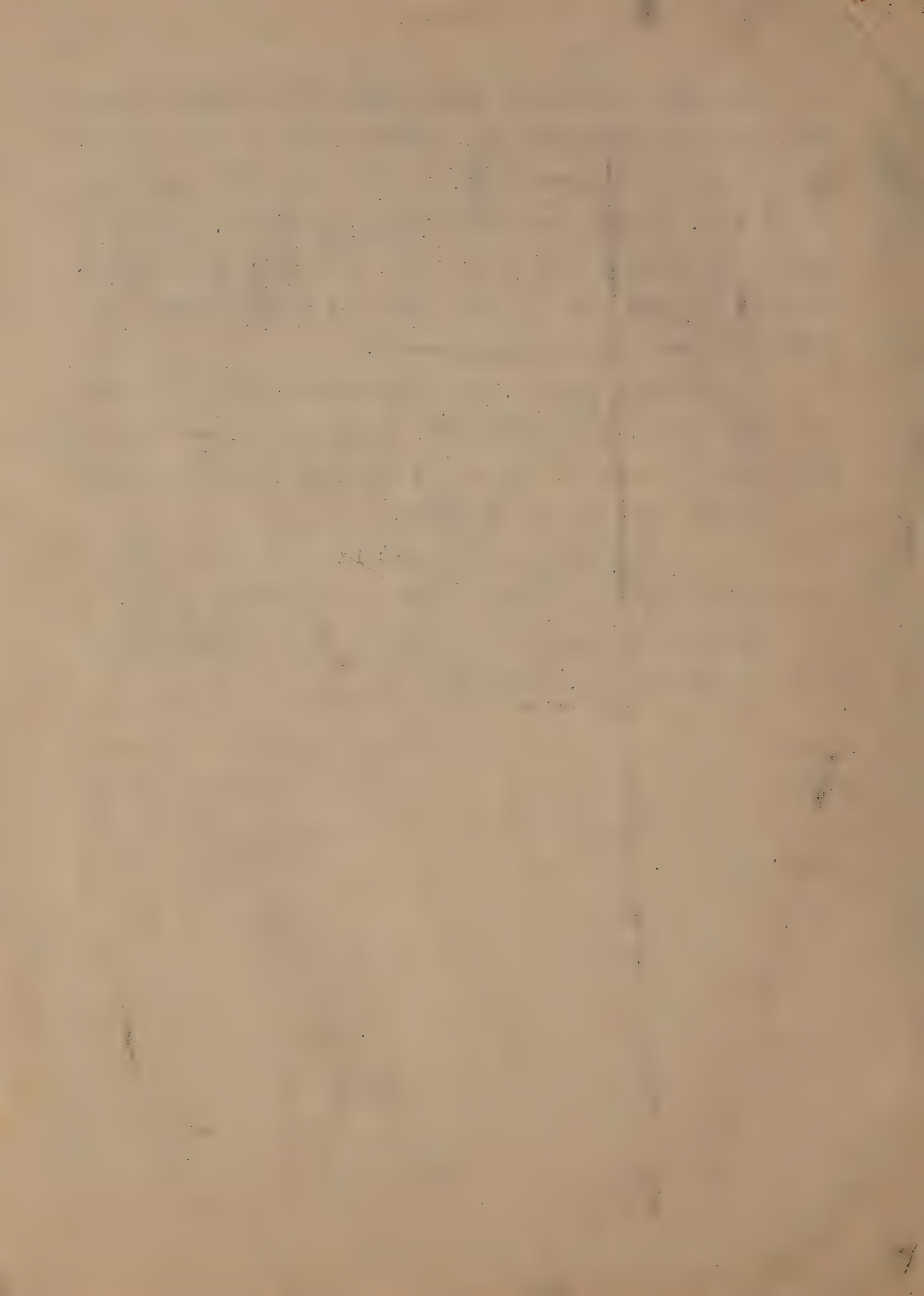
half
 You receive his cards with thanks and are greatly encouraged, and your heart is light, facing a year of luck and prosperity. And as the year goes on, and the luck and prosperity do not come, perhaps you would wonder to yourself, whether it was the dragon that came to the door, or a wolf in sheepskin. And you are glad that you only hung up a dollar instead of five. ~~And this is all there is to it.~~

~~The New Year is over, and you go about your daily duties, just like before, year after year, day after day, and soon another year would roll around, and you do the same thing over again.~~

Enough about the New Year now.

Well, we ^{are} about exhausted everything there is to tell, and besides this typewriter's ribbon is running out on me.

Perhaps this might not be a happy year, but we must say it is an exciting one, eh what?



CHINESE

RACIAL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MOTHER-TO-BE.

The expectant mother is advised not to see any parade in which grotesque idols are displayed, for fear the sight of them may in some way mark the unborn child.

Warnings are given to the pregnant woman not to raise her arms too high over her head, nor to hammer nails into the walls, nor to walk too far, in order that she may not have a miscarriage.

She is likewise advised not to eat too large a quantity of crab, shrimp, pineapple, or bananas. These foods the Chinese believe will cause eczema or some form of skin eruption upon the child.

She is also warned not to mend her shoe while it is on her foot, for if she does this, her child may be born with some toes grown together.

When a Chinese woman has given birth to a child she is told not to drink any cold liquids, not even cold water. Everything she drinks must be warm.

According to Chinese belief the new mother is filled with what they call "cold wind air". Her body at this time must consequently be treated in order that she may rid herself of this cold air. Therefore the Chinese conclude she must have warm fluids, and must eat a particular dish, made of pigs' feet and ginger cooked in Chinese vinegar. (Chinese vinegar is made from rice.)

This food is always cooked for the new mother and she is advised to eat it for one month after the birth of her child. She may eat it several times a day, but eat it she must. If she does not have this mixture of foods, the Chinese believe she will suffer from any number of various ailments in later life. For they believe it is extremely dangerous to allow this "cold wind air" to remain in her body, and this spicy dish is a certain and sure means of removing what appears to them a very injurious thing.

In regard to this custom, I asked a doctor (a young Chinese who received her M.D. at the University of California) if she found this tradition in existence among her patients in San Francisco. She said it was a prevailing custom, and, so long as it did not appear harmful, she did not advise her patients against it.

A large pot of this food is kept on the stove ready not only for the mother, but for all friends who may come to visit her and pay their respects to the new arrival. For one month this food is prepared, during which time the mother is always at home.

When the Chinese call for the first time on the mother and child, the custom is to bring some silver coins wrapped in red paper. These small packages, as I understand, are not given to either the mother or father, but laid near or upon the infant. Presents are also given but generally after one

month, when the banquet is held. Baby showers and presents are never given before birth, as is the general American custom.

The most important ceremony for the baby is one held when he or she is one month old. At this time close friends and relatives are invited and it is a festival of rejoicing and happiness, one of the essential features of this celebration is the appearance of red-dyed eggs, ordinary hens' eggs colored; but unlike our multi-colored Easter eggs, the Chinese use only red. The ginger, pigs' feet, and vinegar dish is present, of course, and another special dish, chicken cooked in wine. There may be other foods, but the three mentioned are considered of prime importance, if not absolutely necessary.

According to one Chinese woman, this dish of ginger, pigs' feet, and vinegar is rarely cooked unless there is a birth in the family. Consequently whenever one smells the aroma of the dish, he immediately supposes there has been a birth in the vicinity. However, once in a while, some one breaks the rule and makes the dish "without benefit of birth," thereby causing considerable speculation and occasionally much puzzlement. I asked Miss Lee if this dish could be ordered in a restaurant. She assured me it could not be procured there. However, another Chinese woman said it could be had in almost any restaurant. Incidentally, it is said to be a very delectable food.

STERILITY

If there are no children, one of the Chinese beliefs is that the wife's body is in a weakened condition. Consequently she takes various tonics made from mandrake.

Mandrake the Chinese consider a highly valuable root, possessing supernatural powers. The roots of this plant resemble somewhat crudely the bony structure of the human body, and the more closely the roots resemble a body, the more potent and the more expensive it is.

So positive are the Chinese that mandrake is in some way possessed of human properties, they say it moans and groans when it is drawn from the earth.

There is also another belief in connection with sterility, that has to do with the graves of ancestors. If the graves are incorrectly placed or if the ground is too wet around them, the Chinese believe these factors will affect the family tree.

(I am not certain whether this belief is applicable to ancestors of both husband and wife.)

CONCERNING MIDWIVES

In reading Dr. Palmer Finley's book, "The Story of Child-birth", I found the following statement: "The Chinese people in San Francisco have dropped their native custom of employing midwives and are using physicians, often of their own race. There is no higher maternal or infant mortality among them than among the residents of San Francisco in general".

I inquired into this and found the situation to be as Dr. Finley had written. However, the reason for this apparent advancement in scientific methods is not due to any desire on the part of the Chinese women to have physicians when their children are born, but is due to the fact that they now must have birth certificates.

This reason was given to me by a young Chinese woman. I then asked a Chinese doctor if it were true, that there were practically no midwives in Chinatown. She answered me, "The majority of the women have doctors". I asked if it had anything to do with getting birth certificates. "Certainly", she said, "it has all to do with it".

** (Note: According to California law a physician must, if possible, be in attendance at child birth. The birth must be registered and a birth certificate is of very great importance to the native-born Chinese.)

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of the Chinese women to have physicians

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(born Chinese.)

CHINESE

KONG CHOW TEMPLE

Duplicate

There are many temples in Chinatown. Kong Chow Temple, the oldest temple, is located at 520 Pine Street, between Grant Avenue and Kearney Street. More than eighty years ago, this temple was owned by the Kong Chow Family Association for their dependable financial resources. Before the Chinese Republic was born, this temple was rented to the people for \$15,000 a year. Kong Chow Temple is also known in Chinatown as Quan Dai Temple. Quan Dai was the name of a person who was the bravest, most intelligent, honorable, and beloved military leader in San Kuo Dynasty. Because of his bold personality, the Chinese people worship him as their future protector. Every year on May 13, his disciples offer him a feast in the temple with chickens and roast pigs, burning candles and incense in order to celebrate his birthday. Each attendant at this celebration has to give a "lee see" (a red paper wrapped with coin in a certain amount) to the temple keeper; it means good luck to everyone.

The temple is built in Chinese style, inside it is decorated with red paper writing in Chinese. Red paper means "luck". A big idol, Quan Dai, dressed in beautiful clothes, with scarf around his neck, his huge hat with its two feathers on each side of the back, is set up in a very beautifully hand-carved wooden box painted with shining gold. This box cost

⑤

⑫

17
旅
邸
寄
家
感
懷
國
情

(1a)

Musing over Life in Hotel

Hardship of Travel is deserving ~~the~~ of being sad even while eating
The day of soaring high in success is yet far away (one's)
Looking at the mirror always scares one with the ease of/getting old
Everytime going up the stairs, there is fear that the month ends
late ((Don't know what this line refers to))
In the old garden (village) long left behind are the wife and daughter
In the strange country long to be remembered are the concubine and
son
The white-haired (father) is still in his old hall (at home) in good
health
But when will something happen to console the poor me.

(1b)

Drifting over lakes and seas long I have left my home
All for money and menial labor I am bound
Six days cannot suffice the squandering of three days
One year's sorrow is like nine year's departure (from home)
Pitied ~~xxx~~ is the one who live like parasite on the lakes and rivers
Cannot escape feeling broken hearted about success coming late
If I only have a heaven-sent fortune to return home
Then it will be time for the family to be full again like the moon.

(2) Musing

A bushel's wine and a mad song and the true nature is ~~shown~~ exposed
When one is sad, one soliloquizes ~~in~~ with poems
Noisily sounding the earthen drum is no way to express one's feeling
But a broken bronze bell can only muse over her feeling (that is, cannot
say it)
In the north (China) the winds and clouds are closing with more foreign
invaders' trouble
In the neighboring East (China) the revenge for national suffering is
deep
For one who wishes to revenge and raise his people, he must taste the
bile's bitterness ~~xxxx~~
He must not allow easy life to ruin him (Meaning of last line not
clear).

(3a) Traveller's Musing

Since early youth, leaving home to be bound beyond the seas
Home is ~~xxx~~ ten thousand miles away that even in dreams it comes
slowly and rarely
Empty wasting one's life, one can only pity how quickly the spring
ages
Thus year after year, I can only quietly pity myself.

旅
邸
寄
家
感
懷
國
情

(3b)

Far travelling several oceans only to be poor
In the far end of sky, the adventurous ambition find difficulty to
expand
When will the time come (for me) to compose the "Ode of Return"
Just so that the family can be full again

(4)

Sad over being Unemployed (Li Chi-Kuen)
Business is quiet that it is hard to find foods to eat
A lonely soul in the corner of sky saddened by a hundred worries
Like chasing day
.....
Hardly enough to fill the mouth, then there is trouble of not
findly a place to live
Torn are the sleeves, there is besides the sadness of exposing the
elbows
If only a small wages is earned ~~in~~ in return for blood and sweat
Then buying a boat (a return-ticket) needs no borrowing from others

(5) Unemployment (Li Shun-loi)

Cold and lonesome ~~living~~ is the life of poverty in hotel
Even coats and cotton lose their magic to withstand the cold
(Like a) sparrow cannot find a nesting branch
Running to north and running to south the results are one

(6) Musing (Li Chi-Kuen)

* Toiling for others is wasting ~~my~~ all my years
Drifting in strange land is bringing up a hundred worries
The great ambition is difficult to repay for that is only an empty
dream
Anxiously worrying for the home and country which are separated by
heaven and sky
Drifting in strange villages and living like parasite ~~under~~ on
other people
To find something to eat is so difficult that it is lamentable
Thus years and months drag on endlessly
Not knowing ~~when~~ what day will be the day of return

(7)

(Not translated)

(8)

Ode to Autumn in the Hall of Tung -Tree (Yang ~~Chi~~ Sun-tsoi, ~~Kx~~
Hawaiian Is.)

(Not translated)

(9) The turbulent World (Chang Meng-fok)

I
A perfect golden basin is about to break apart
How can a plan of mement ~~xx~~ be laid so that there will be safety
Anxiously worrying over national calamity but wish to be conscripted.
Patiently waiting till dawn until.... (nxx text not clear)

II
Pestilence scourging the continent so that it is entangled in troubles
A perfect golden basin is only waiting to break apart
To deliver ~~xx~~ the Middle Flowery out of the dangerous land
(meaning ~~xxxxxxx~~) The only way will be to fight a way out to the
living heaven

III
Looking northward, the wintry smoke covers up the blue sky
Southward, the Japanese robbers are invading the Fukien border
The only remaining large plum thus sadly mourns its ~~xxxx~~ passing
A perfect golden basin is about to break apart

(Golden basin, etc. refer to China)

(10)

Worrying over Time (Li Sun-loi)

Looking back on the Middle Plain only redoubles worries
Take me (in the falling ~~xxxx~~) the time when ~~xxxx~~ is
lost
The dismemberment of the borderland is an uncommon shame
Male youth! hurry now to grasp the opportune mement to save the country.

(Kuan-tung, meaning east of Shan-hai-Kuan, ~~xxxxxx~~ in
other words, Manchuria.)

Male youth! Hurry now for the opportune moment to save the country
Swear to engage in a bloody battle with the slovenly Japanese
Let us not delay in recovering our mountains and rivers.

(11)

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Momentary reminiscence
(Portland: Wong Chok-sam)

Alone on the rivers and lakes like a drifting leaves
Worn and weary like pines after snow

In the noble heart is long remembered the song of Yi-Sui
Assassination of Emperor Tsin was not for ~~xxxxxx~~ emolument

(Emperor Tsin was nearly ~~xxx~~ murdered by a professional assassin,
who was hired by Prince of Yin. Before departing for the murderous
job, the assassin composed a poem while crossing the River Yi-sui,

in which he extolled the kindness and generosity of
Prince Min, and swore vengeance for him in the life
of Alexander Tsing. His mission ended in failure.
The episode has ever since been quoted as
an example of bravery and undying gratitude.

(12)

Momentary Reminiscence

(Canada: Ma Hung-chiu)

A momentary reminiscence on the ancestral land is something filled
with sorrow

Since the Tangku Truce troubles have come frequently
The painful loss of northern provinces is like cutting one's heart
Swear to clean up the Eastern Isles (Japan) is an ambition not yet
Raise the flag of justice to weed away all the devil
Sweep the sword of wisdom to kill off all the traitors
Unite the heroic persons of the great ~~Man~~ ~~Ch~~ Hen (China)
Fight straight to altar of wooden dummies at Chang-chun

(Chang-chun, was the name for Hsinking before Manchuria
became Manchukuo.)

(14)

ExMomentary Reminiscence or Extemporized Piece

(Sit Wah-tong)

Most regrettable is ~~xxx~~~~xxxx~~~~xxxx~~ the mountains and rivers (country)
that are broken

But how can the swallows that are nesting in the hall understand the
imminent crisis.

One should imitate Pan-chiu to enlist in the service
To save the nation (one pities that) such genius like Kuan-chun cannot
be found.

Cooperation between Ning (Nanking) and Yue (Canton) finally did not
materialize

~~xxxx~~~~xxxx~~~~xxxx~~ Sino-Japanese friendship all turned into naught.
Empty words of resistance against the enemy are not the ~~xxxx~~~~xxxx~~~~xxxx~~
long (-run) policy

Why not learn from Korea the country which is now desolated.

(Pan-chiu, a famous Chinese general during the Han dynasty
who threw away the profession of a proxy writer to
enlist in the army.

Kuan-tse, one of the few great Chinese statesmen.)

(15)

(difficult to translate)

(16)

~~Extra~~ Momentary thoughts
(Portland: Wong Chuk-sam)

Alone at the heaven's end there to meet hunger
The old me tumble along only to hurry for months and years
Holding a sword, there is thought to serve the country
Wishing to enlist but there is no way to return to Tang (China)
Sadly learn that Communist menace is spreading over the Southern Range
Stirringlly grudge that the Japanese have shaken the north
Chest-full of warm blood where to be spilled
Sleeping on the bed of hardship there will ~~be~~ finally be days of
conquering Fu-son (Japan)

(Southern Range, the mountain range ~~has~~ separating
Kwangtung and Kiansi.)

(18)

Momentary Thoughts
(Yick)

Together exiled to the lay world several-decade years
Why trouble to burn each other like beans and stems
Let them to be wealthy only to cause someone's jealousy
The unchanged me still remains the same except(perhaps a little) self-pity
Theschoolmates are now enjoying ordering and commanding (the servants)
But I because of conservatism still moving slowly
Born without the ~~fake~~ flattering nature finds it difficult to please the
laity
But earning enough purity still (makes me) resemble a saint.
((When the beans are picked, the stems are used as fire-wood.))

(20)

Momentary Thoughts (Portland: Wong Chuk-sam)

The militarists exceeding their authorities all like
greedy wolves
To think of the native village while in strange country
is hard to bear
The garden lawn has waxed more than once
~~like pitying~~ The willows by the castle-moats hang lowly as
if pitying
The wave of banditry is fanning ~~over~~ and trampling over
the Middle Land
Ruthless Japan is stalking rebelliously across the North
~~Shamelessly~~ surrender and concede to the enemy forgetting
all shame
Knowing only the use of force to indulge in intestine wars

(28)

Thoughts during a Rainy Night

The night is deserted and men are quiet when rain is blowing
heavy
Happy is the one who embraces a pretty maid in the warmth of
a bed
While thousands and ten-thousands drowsing ~~in solitude~~
~~their~~ lonesomely ~~by their~~ by their solitary pillow
And elsewhere on the streets the hungry fellows shiver in
cold.

thunders
The tunders peal and while wind and rain bellow
While in a bushel-room (room hardly larger than a bushel in
volume) echoes the sound of a mandolin
A traveller who is the guest of heaven's end
In his heart there is grudge against unfairness

(27)

Momentary thoughts (Canada: Chang Wen-fu)

is
Bitter cold is approaching when the wind hissing heavily
The flood upsetting and devastating is laying everything to
waste
Piercing the ears are the sounds of bitter cry
The ghosts' weeping shudders one's heart that his very soul
is scared away
No coat to cover one's body, the icy skin is cold
Lacking grain to fill one's belly, the hungry stomach is
rotting
Everywhere in the field the hungry people are urgently
asking for succor
Difficult to describe is the scenes of scourge

(26)

Momentary Thoughts (Canada: Chang Wen-fu)

The haughty sun's ill-boding menacing flames come threatening
everyone (in their paths)
Thinking back (the history) of the God's Continent (China)
is worthy of sadness
Man Je (Manchuria and Jehol)'s rivers and mountains already
suffered subjugation
Ping Tsin (Peiping and Tientsih)'s earth and land now
followed as victims of the scourge
Heart-broken at the National Office willingly surrender to the
enemy
Raising the arms to swear to kill the arch-conspirator on
the battlefield
Resist Japan and ~~save~~ to be saved from annihilation all
alike have responsibility
Don't let the Great Continent to die in lethargy
(the sun refers to Japan)

(25)

Elegy of Autumn

Drifting over ten-thousand miles to pity this body (referring
to self)

Tumbling over after winds and dust saddens the long far-
separated one

Nine years only ended in solitude and failure
(The nights) in strange lands is frosty and the moon is dull

~~Departing from one's country~~

(Buried) in the graves (Tu Lin) other than Tu Lin often
foreign/ invites tears

The homesick Chang Han remember (is like)

Nostalgia (is like) Chang Han who always remembered the trouts
(in his native village)

~~Boundless is the white cloud~~

Like the boundless white clouds the home-mountain lays far
away

quietly rhyming in the hall of tung-trees until the
one's soul came near broken (from sorrow)

(Tu Lin is a graveyard in one of the ancient
Chinese capital--Chang An

Chang Han, ancient Chinese scholar, who became
home-sick at the memory of trouts in his
native village.)

(24)

Momentary Thoughts (Portland: Wong Chuk-sam)

Casually think of the mountains and rivers (the country) / that are becoming increasingly difficult to support
Not knowing the magic secret with which to butcher the dragon, only
one's time (fate) left to be pitied

Nearing the abyss, now it is time to wake up and hold the horse
When the country is lost thus become dependent on others, then
repent will be late

Even the sky's cleavage can be mended by dint of labor

Why not hold on with all the forces the critical situation

Ten year's tempering and whetting spent in sharpening the
sword

W (I) will never let Chang Liang waste his ability in vain

had

(Chang Liang, a great Chinese statesman who helped founded
the Han dynasty. The comparison here means that
the sword after much tempering and hardening is
as valuable as Chang Liang, not to be wasted
for any insignificant purpose.)

(23)

Momentary Thoughts (Portland: Wang Chuk-sam)

Arbitrary might since time immemorial has caused intertwining confusion
The lone sword who will sharpen in order to sweep away the Japanese
atmosphere

Heaven afflicts the Middle Plain by causing growth of vile weeds
The earth ~~will~~ wipes out four provinces which ~~is~~ forebodes
bodes partition

Chiang and Wang (Chiang Kai shek and Wang Ching-wei) still not
awakened from the battle of Han Tan

Tsai and Ma (Tsai Ting-kai and Ma Chen-san) labored in vain
but their bravery shines

Bend the utmost to foster heroic ~~will~~ abilities in order to
level the island country (Japan)

(So that we can) soar and sing loud like the immense clouds

(Battle of Han Tan--one of the fiercest battles fought
during the Period of ~~Saxon~~ Warring States.)

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THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

REPORT OF THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
ON THE
ACTS OF VIOLENCE
COMMITTED BY THE
KLU KLUX KLAN
IN THE
STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
DURING THE
SUMMER OF 1955

A California-born Merchant's Son returns to America

~~Nai~~, the second son of a Chinese merchant and gold-miner, was born in San Francisco in 1882. When he was about five years old his mother took him, his two brothers, and his sister back to China. The reason for this move was, according to his father, the antagonism and prejudice towards the Chinese in California.

~~Nai~~ and his family were met at the pier ^(in China) by his maternal uncle. They stopped at an old inn and spent three days shopping in the open markets for necessities. Then they took a river boat from Hong Kong to ^(the city of) Canton ~~City~~ and from there ~~took~~ ^{their} an antiquated train for the village. It took them three days and two nights to reach their destination. They were held up by a band of robbers when they were just a mile from the village. Fortunately, the robbers took very little, for the family had wrapped the luggage in old cloth and gunny sacks, which made them look like soiled and cheap articles. Since well-to-do people ^{seldom} ~~said~~ used such covers for their baggage, the robbers mistook the family for peasants, who were, for safety, dressed in very simple garments. They arrived in the village with most of their belongings, and all of their money, which they had hidden in the bundles.

~~Nai~~ was six years old when they arrived at the village. This was the usual age for those who could afford it, to start their ^{primary} ~~early~~ education. But before ~~Nai~~ was sent to the village school his mother engaged a private tutor to

(This was done through)

teach him the preliminary lessons, ~~two~~ picture readers with two or three words on a page. ^(those) The words were related to the things a Chinese youngster learned in the course of conversation with his parents. He spent six months with these preliminary lessons. Then he was sent to the village school. He was taught the nine readers for the next five years, and during this space of time, ~~he~~ progressed rapidly. He was then promoted to a higher grade where the older boys were taught, and there studied philosophy, Chinese Classics, history, and algebra. After this his mother took him away from school and had him help his uncle in the village market. The purpose of this was to teach him something about business.

When he was thirteen he was sent to Queen's College in Hong Kong to learn English. He entered the school as a first grade student. In order to make up the work carried by boys and girls of his age, his mother again hired a tutor. During the first four years at the school he skipped two grades. At the beginning of the fifth year he won a full-tuition scholarship. After completing his work there he returned to the village and started a small English school of his own. He remained at this for four years, and saved quite a sum of money. ^(then) He gave up the school after he married one of his students.

In 1907, when he was twenty-two years old, ^{his} the father sent for him to return to San Francisco. This was ^(just) one year.

after the great earthquake and fire. His father, a real estate agent, gave him a job as rent collector for four Chinese tenement houses in Chinatown. Besides this he taught Chinese in a private school. In 1911 he gave up his teaching and continued with ^(the) rent collecting. From time to time he was called upon by the ^mmunicipal government to work as judge in the election booth located in Chinatown.

One year after the Chinese revolution he was accused of murdering one of his tenants. ~~He was convicted but~~ ^(the) evidence against him was ~~his conviction was based~~ ^(Nevertheless the feeling against him) solely on circumstantial evidence. ~~evidence~~ ^{indicted} was so strong against him that he was convicted and confined to the San Francisco County Jail for two months before he was released on bail. It so happened ^(however,) that on the day he was allowed bail, ^(white) an American drug addict was picked up on the streets for disturbing the peace. A guilty conscience got the best of him and he confessed to the murder. ^(the indictment against him) ~~He~~ was released and finally ^(of course) ~~dismissed~~ ^{acquitted}, but no redress could be made for the humiliation caused by the blunders of the American ^(methods of prosecution) ~~jurists~~.

Three months after ^(the dismissal of the indictment) ~~his acquittal~~ he reestablished himself by going back to his old job of rent collecting. He continued with this until after the 1915 International Exposition, and then went to Chicago. There he and his cousins started a Chinese grocery store in the heart of Chinatown. ~~the~~ ^{the} business picked up and in seven months was paying well.

In 1917, after the United States had entered the war,

in three years. After his graduation ~~Nai~~ took his son with him to see his parents who were still in San Francisco.

In 1928 ~~Nai~~ began to speculate ^{on the stock market} ~~in stock~~. In the beginning he made ^(a good deal of) ~~much~~ money, but ~~t~~ ^(great) he lost in the crash. ~~He~~ ^{However,} still had his share in the restaurant business, however, and ^{is} ~~that~~ was a source of considerable income ^(to him). He kept on with the restaurant business until, at the end of ^{his} ~~the~~ tenth year ^{of} ~~of~~ the business, he learned that the lease had expired and could not be extended or renewed. The property on which the business was located was bought by the Federal Government as one of the units of a fifteen million dollar building program. So ~~Nai~~ and his associates ^{had to give up their restaurant.} ~~gave up the business.~~

~~Nai~~ now took ^a ~~another~~ vacation trip to San Francisco. While there he formed another company for the same kind of business he had been carrying on in Washington during the past ten years. He also formed a noodle factory which sold to Chinese restaurants. This factory also ^{canned} ~~cans~~ Chop Suey and Chow mein, ^(both) very popular items with the American public.

~~Nai~~ is now the father of two girls and a son. All of them have ^(had) ~~good~~ educations, equivalent at least to the first years of college work. They all speak Chinese, English, German and French. The daughters are both talented musicians, and the son is a physicist. ~~Nai~~ believes his success was due to patience, conscientiousness, and frugality. He likes America, especially her laws, even though he has had at least one sad experience with them.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. In the second part, we consider the case of a single particle.

3. The third part is devoted to the case of a system of particles.

4. In the fourth part, we consider the case of a system of particles with interactions.

5. The fifth part is devoted to the case of a system of particles with interactions and a magnetic field.

6. In the sixth part, we consider the case of a system of particles with interactions and a magnetic field, and a chemical potential.

7. The seventh part is devoted to the case of a system of particles with interactions and a magnetic field, and a chemical potential, and a temperature.

8. In the eighth part, we consider the case of a system of particles with interactions and a magnetic field, and a chemical potential, and a temperature, and a pressure.

XXI

Wang Chung in SF Canada

Mr. A. arrived here from the Canadian Border in 1914 and secured a position as houseboy with a prominent family on Pacific Avenue. After working here for nine months he left to accept a position with one of his countrymen as an apprentice shoe maker in a small shop located on Grant Avenue. He worked at this occupation for eight years from early morning till late at night for a few dollars a week, but ^{plus} received his board and room. His food usually consisted of an evil smelling rice concoction several times a day and he slept in a bed in a small room with two other working men. He saved practically all of his salary, and after the eight years had a creditable amount to show. He then made a trip to China to visit his wife and child and was there for eleven months, during which time his wife gave birth to a second son.

The early part of 1924 he returned to San Francisco and engaged in the laundry business with two of his countrymen. Although they had to work very hard in the beginning, hardly stopping to get sufficient sleep, they succeeded in building up a fairly good business after several years and they had even purchased a motor truck with which to make their pickups and deliveries.

In 1929, being very desirous of bringing his wife and two children here, and since he had accumulated quite a bit of mo-

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ney, he entered into negotiations with the Custom House and the Chinese Consul to see what could be done about it. After considerable correspondence and personal interviews he was informed that it would be almost impossible for him to bring either his wife or his children here, and that the law was very strict regarding this. In 1930 he made a trip back to China, and after spending about a year with his family came back to San Francisco.

On his arrival here he found that owing to the economic situation here, their laundry business was not enough to support three families, for all the partners of the business had families in China and contributed towards their support. They were finally forced to dissolve, and Mr. A. became the sole owner of the business. It was therefore necessary for him in the last two years to do all the work himself, and it has been rather rough-going, although he has managed to keep up the business through sheer hard work.

In the approximately eighteen or twenty years that he has been in San Francisco he has had to work very hard, early and late, and has had very few opportunities to study the English language. Also he has lived among his own people in Chinatown, has adhered strictly to his old country customs and is practically as much a part of his home country at present as he was twenty years ago. The only satisfaction he gets out of life

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is the fact that he hopes in a few years to have enough money to rejoin his family in China and live his remaining years in ease.

In all his years he has not associated with Americans, and should he reside here another century he would still be an old time Chinese, using the old time customs and beliefs of his folks years back. He cannot and will not mingle with people of American ideas, for he insists that he has not received proper treatment from the Americans. They would not allow him to bring his wife and children here to keep him company and make life more enjoyable. Furthermore he must spend a great deal of money every few years to make a trip to China to visit them. Such a trip usually means that he has to start business practically anew on his return, and it is very hard when one is not getting any younger. All the time that he has been here he has sent back to China many, many good American dollars to his family which were spent in China and from which the government of the United States reaped no profit whatsoever.

The above interview was a very hard and laborious one. It was very hard to make him understand what was required and very hard to understand his answers. The dominant impression received from the interview is that Mr. A. has never filled the part of an American and couldn't if he tried, for he is

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tied by the traditions of his old country and uses the same customs that were in use a hundred years ago in China.

The Evolution of a Peasant

C, came to this country when he was twenty-four years old. After landing in San Francisco he spent exactly three days looking at the city and its wonders, then went to his father's truck garden eight miles out of Sacramento. He was anxious to learn English, but his wish has never been realized: the truck garden was too far from a school. He could find no one of his own age interested in learning with him, and the hours he had to work were not such as to allow him this luxury.

The ^(truck) garden covered fifty acres of ~~land~~, and on it were raised all kinds of Chinese and American vegetables. The ~~Chinese~~ Chinese rented this land from an American landowner, paying thirty-five dollars for an acre, which price included the water supply for irrigation purposes. There were eight partners in this enterprise, including C, and his father, each one having invested some six hundred dollars ^(in it). Together they owned a Ford, a Chevrolet truck, ~~and~~ an unknown make of sedan, and five horses. All eight of the partners worked most of the day in the garden. During busy seasons, such as those of pepper, tomato, and squash, they hired one or two extra men.

C, usually got up at five-thirty in the morning, took his breakfast, and then started for the field. ~~The~~ ^{The lunch period} ~~lunch~~ came between twelve and one, and lasted but half an hour. They returned from lunch and worked until seven in the evening, and took another half-hour off for supper. Then, under a dim electric light, they packed the vegetables and sorted them

until the early morning. This, the daily routine, was to C, much more strenuous than the peasant life in China.

C, did not like to do business with the larger packing companies. Their canneries, he believed, were too particular, and at the same time paid the lowest prices. So C, and his partners usually piled their produce into their trucks and went to the market place in Sacramento. They took their Chinese vegetables to the Chinese grocery stores and exchanged them for more groceries and other goods.

From the group of partners was chosen the most experienced as foreman, whose tasks were to direct the planning and tilling. Then they elected an accountant and a treasurer. Perhaps the most important man in the partnership was the seller, who must know some English and must be a good salesman. Whether they could dispose of their products or not depended mainly on the ability and diligence of this seller. It so happened that C,'s seller was both incompetent and negligent. Then, too, he would gamble with the money after the products had been sold.

C, stayed at this ^{(truck -} garden for three years. For the first year he obtained a share of seven hundred dollars which gave him less than sixty dollars a month for both his investment and his back-breaking labor. For the second year, 1929, he received about twelve hundred dollars. Then the crisis came and he received less than six hundred dollars. After this the ^{(truck -} garden began to split up, for such an enterprise could

not be successful if the key man, the seller, was not reliable. C₁ was only too glad to leave, for besides these apparent economic difficulties, he could not get along with his father, who seemed to be displeased with the way he was working.

Thus, from a Chinese peasant in a poor country, C₁ had become a farmer on a highly mechanized and capitalized truck garden. The change from crude farming implements to trucks and machines did not cause him any great strain. He adapted himself very easily to the horse teams, to the motor lorries, and to the gambling houses. But there was one thing he could not stand, the high tempo of work coupled with the long hours of labor. In China, when darkness came, work ceased immediately and he had had the opportunity to visit neighbors and to converse with the elders. Here, in America, he had to work until he felt like collapsing. All relations between him and his father and his friends were mechanical and lacked intimacy. Then there was another fact hard to understand: such an investment in such a demanding enterprise did not even assure him of a decent living wage.

Again C₁ looked toward ^(making a) ~~the~~ ^{as} livelihood ~~of~~ a wage worker, for he refused to be tied to the land any longer. He decided to go to Fresno and take a job as a grape and fruit picker in a vineyard. He stayed in Parlier for about three years. These three years, according to C₁, were the most important in his life. He was then penniless. Every cent he had made during his

first three years in the United States had been spent. He had to return the twelve hundred dollars to his father. The rest he sent back to his wife and child. Now he had to sell his labor power.

The vineyard was owned by an American boss, but run by a Chinese contractor. This contractor was named ^{Ch.} ~~Chow~~, and was a man with vast powers. This was so, particularly because he was a member of the infamous Bing Quong Tong, ^{Ch.} a most powerful Tong. ~~Chow~~ paid the workers two dollars and fifty cents for picking a thousand vines. This was considerably lower than the amount the American owner had provided. But this was not the only method of exploitation. Just as in the mining towns, this contractor ran his own grocery and cigarette store. Every worker was compelled to buy from his store at exorbitant prices. A sack of rice, which cost no more than two dollars and eighty cents at the regular market, would be sold by this contractor for five dollars and fifty cents. He charged fifty-five cents for a pound of noodles. Under this system he squeezed at least forty cents daily from each worker.

Work of this kind was seasonal. C. worked about four to five months a year and made about two hundred dollars. Most of the work came in January, February, August, and September. His work varied from picking grapes to picking apples, pears, peaches, and prunes. After two years, then, he was surprised to find that he was in debt. He owed ~~Chow~~ thirty dollars for grocery and other bills. ^{Moreover} ~~Chow~~ would not let him leave town and

threatened him with arrest and death. He must pay back his debt. So at ~~Chew's~~^{Chew's} own proposal, C, rented, through ~~Chew~~, one hundred acres of vineyard from the Bank of Italy, at Parlier. The terms were that after all products were sold the bank would take twenty-five percent of the cash as rent. C, took in four other partners and each took a share in the capital investment. One of these partners was ~~Chew's~~^{Chew's} cousin and also a member of the Tong. He dominated the entire business, and acted as both seller and treasurer. At the end of the year, he claimed that the vineyard was a failure and that C, had lost not only his capital investment but would have to pay another two hundred dollars to cover the deficit. C, knew that there had been crooked bookkeeping, for according to his own accounting, everyone should have received at least two hundred dollars in profit. But he dared not speak against this man, for fear that his own life would be in danger. Yet he was not willing to pay this debt, and was indeed unable to pay. He knew that if he stayed on he would only become more and more in debt. So he fled to Sacramento, with a warrant issued from the county of Fresno demanding his arrest.

It was at the end of 1933 that C, came to Sacramento, and three months later, at the beginning of 1934, that he came to San Francisco hoping to find himself a job. During his long stay at Fresno he had learned about many problems of common laborers. From one of his friends there he had become particularly well acquainted with discussions of social subjects and

workers' rights. Thanks to him C, began to see the existing political developments in China, the national crisis, and its betrayal. He developed a keen sense of criticism of the present economic order, and talked with ^{out} respite about any and all capitalists. To him there was no lower type of person than ~~Chen~~, and he knew that there were many more like him in the world. His experiences had made him unreasonably dogmatic but understandably defensive.

His father, who had usually made from a thousand to one thousand and five hundred dollars a year, received, one year, only five dollars from an entire year's work. C, thought that this was horrible enough; but with his peasant instinct, the father could not see the necessity of struggling against those who were persuading ^{him (people to adopt)} a policy of ruining the rural economy. ^{However} ~~But~~ ^{his} after the life of a worker C, immediately understood the problem and was determined to fight for his salvation as well as the welfare of his fellow-workers. He does not like America, but for one thing he is thankful to this country. And that is, that America has made a new, class-conscious worker out of him, ^{he who once was} ~~once~~ an ignorant and primitive peasant.

1 The Tong referred to here is undoubtedly the Bing Kung Tong which was first organized in Los Angeles and then moved its strength to San Francisco and Sacramento. By and large it was the most powerful Tong in California.

time

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1900

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yes
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Shih chuen

was born

Mr. Hays, the oldest son of a Chinese grocer first saw light in San Francisco in 1888, just four years before the historical CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT. When he was hardly one year old, his father sold the grocery store which was quite prosperous at the time, for three times the price of the original investment. Thus, having \$6,000 cash on hand, Mr. Hays's father moved his whole family to Canton, China. He spent his early childhood around the family household learning his ancestral dialect. He learned the traditions, ancient poetry in rhythmic construction, the legends of historical China, and mythology through the teaching of his nurse-maid. When he reached the age of seven he was sent to the Chinese village school for his education in language, history, and philosophy and a little arithmetic. Such learning complied with the standards of the old days. Everything had to be learned by heart whether one understood the meaning or not. After he completed his tenth reader he was taught rhetoric and other required subjects. He kept up his mental absorption with the things which had to be learned until he was 14 years old.

At 15 he heard about the good fortune and prosperity in America from his paternal uncle who made his fortune from gold prospecting. This news fired his ambition and gave him inspiration, so he made up his mind to try his luck in America.

son of a Chinese doctor lived in
in 1888, just four years before the
1900. When he was nearly two years
the property store which was quite prosper-
in three times the price of the original in-
vestment. When, having 10,000 cash on hand, Mr. Wang's father
bought his whole family to Canton, China. He spent the money
in the city.
class. He learned the traditions, ancient poetry in the
classical style, and the history of the country.
ology through the teaching of his master. When he
reached the age of seven he was sent to the Chinese village
school for his education in language, history, and philosophy.
and a little arithmetic. Each lesson complied with the
standards of the old days. Everything had to be learned by
heart, whether one understood the meaning or not. After he
mastered his lesson reader he was taught rhetoric and other
subjects. He kept up his mental absorption with the
which had to be learned until he was 14 years old.
heard about the good fortune and prosperity in
uncle who made his fortune from gold
tried his ambition and gave him in-

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Finally he got enough courage to tell his father about his wish. Naturally, his father was not at all surprised, because he himself ~~went~~ ^{had come} to America to make his fortune when he was about 14. He took it for granted that his son inherited this spirit from him. Shortly after that his father gave him \$200 to start with and also bought for him a passage to America on a Japanese steamer.

^{St. Louis} Mr. Hays arrived in San Francisco, his birthplace, in the fall of 1903 after fifteen years absence. He was met at the pier by his maternal uncle. He lived with him for three months. When he had settled down comfortably he began to ask his uncle about the gold mining business in California. His uncle forbade him to take up gold mining because of his youth. He said that he should go to school.

^{St. Louis} So Mr. Hays went to school. By chance, he happened to obtain a position as houseboy; this was more or less of a school job. He received five dollars a month for the work and as a matter of fact, five dollars a month at that time was considered good pay, especially for a school job. At the same time he learned how to cook American dishes through the instruction of the Chinese cook hired by the same employer. He continued with this job until he was eighteen. After that he obtained another position as houseboy and cook and was paid forty dollars a month. He kept this one for a year and a half. During

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this time he and his employer were living near a gold mining camp close to Plumas County.

In this short period he met with three accidents. In the first one he was nearly shot down by a stray bullet which was meant for someone else. The second accident was that he was half buried by a snow avalanche rolling down the hill near the house in which he worked. In the third one he fell through a frozen pond. These three accidents happened to him on an average of one every six months. He was of a more or less superstitious nature, and thus he took it for granted that bad luck had befallen him. Just after the last mishap he left this job immediately and returned to San Francisco.

Hardly more than three days after his return from nearby the mining camp, he was recommended by a friend of his to work for a millionaire contractor. That was the best job he had gotten so far. He was paid sixty dollars a month for only cooking two meals and washing dishes. He worked conscientiously at this job until he was twenty-two. Then he took a trip back to China to see his parents.

The parents in the old days in China had the absolute privilege and right to command their children to do what they asked of them. His parents thought that he had been away long enough and was old enough to settle down. They picked out a pretty young girl for him to marry. He could do nothing but

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fulfill his parents' wishes, for in those days no one dared to disobey parents or seniors. So Mr. Hays could say nothing but had to marry the girl of his parents' choice. He stayed in the village until his first child was born.

Then the desire to make money caused him to take another trip back to America. When his daughter was just five months old he took a steamer bound for San Francisco, leaving his family behind. He landed in San Francisco in 1911 just as the revolutionary war in China broke out. No sooner had he settled down from his long ocean journey, than his last employer sought his service. This time he was paid seventy five dollars a month with two weeks vacation on the employer's time. He was considered lucky because he had not expected to find employment so soon. He kept at this job for four years. When he left, his employer gave him \$200 as a bonus for his faithfulness and loyalty. Beside the money he had just received he had already saved up a thousand dollars.

With this money he took another trip back to China to see his own family. He stayed there for two years. Just before he made plans to return to San Francisco, a pair of twin was born to his wife. They were boys. Indeed, he was a very very happy man. His first child was a girl. In those days in China, a girl as a first born was not welcome at all in any family. Boys were supposed to carry on the family traditions of the father's ancestors. Mr. Hays spent nearly \$300 in 9

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days in celebration of the birth of the twin boys. He invited everyone in his village to a dinner banquet. When the happy days and festive spirits subsided he completed his plan for the trip to America.

He arrived in San Francisco in 1916. Within the next few months after his return from China, he and some of his cousins opened a restaurant in Omaha. The business began to prosper gradually until 1917. All of a sudden a bomb shell burst into the air. The United States entered the world war as an ally of England, France, Belgium, and Italy. Then he was drafted for service. However, he was not called into training camp, because he was too short. At this stage his good fortune really began. He returned to his restaurant business and during the war, the business increased tremendously. He remained with the business until 1920 and made about \$10,000.

Again he took another trip to China. He stayed there for another five years and lived comfortably on what money he had on hand. He also bought a house in one of the suburbs in Hong Kong, China. He rented the house to tenants, thus insuring some definite income for his family. Beside this income he also received a bonus from his business in Omaha. Again two boys and one girl were born to his wife within the five years he was at home.

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In 1926 he returned to Omaha. Shortly after that he sold his share of the restaurant business for \$1,500. Like other Americans he began to speculate in stocks. In the beginning he made \$26,000 from the stock market. He kept on speculating on stocks until 1928. Then in 1929 he sent for his oldest daughter. She arrived in San Francisco in August of that year. Due to some trick of fate she was detained at Angel Island for some investigation into their testimony. While waiting for the release of his daughter, he continued speculation on the stock market. Then in October 1929, he was caught in the unforgotten, tragic and historic stock crash. He lost \$21,000 without any warning. That was a terrible blow to him, but that was not all, for his daughter was being denied admission to San Francisco. Of course the loss of his fortune did not worry him to any extent but that his daughter must be deported worried him a great deal. He engaged an attorney and had the case brought before the Department of Labor. Finally they won the case and the daughter was admitted into the port of San Francisco.

Then in 1930 his daughter was married to a Chinese college graduate. Mr. Haye again tried the stock market. This time he made \$9,000, and then stayed away from the market. He bought a small business in San Francisco and kept it until July 1934. He sold it for \$5,000. ^{where} Beside this money he saved

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up quite a bit. He expected to return to China next spring.

He said that the Chinese are natural born gamblers, but he would advise them to stay away from stock markets. Stick to the lotteries or "fan-tan" if you must gamble. Above all he advised hard work and being frugal. America, he thinks, is a great place to live in. He thinks a great deal of America, but he does not like her too modernistic ideals such as nudism, free love and companionate marriages. He likes the good old fashioned American ideals and traditions of the good old American Days of our grandfathers' times.

THE PEACOCK AND THE CRAB

"Let me tell you a story about the peacock and the crab," the narrator began, "why it is that the peacock possesses such magnificent colors and why the crab has to crawl along the ground." This is the story:

Long ago, in the good and ancient times, there was a king who had an enormous and magnificent empire. He sat contented on his throne, knowing that he had thousands of living creatures under his jurisdiction. One day this king became sick and an announcement was sent by him to every creature in his land, in which he said, "I have cared for all living beings in my kingdom since I became king. Now I am sick and all of you should come to me and care for me. The one who shall come first will be handsomely rewarded and the one who arrives last will be punished. Such is my command."

Hardly had the announcement been given out than there came a rush of creatures, human and animal, to the palace of the king. It was the good fortune of the peacock to be the first to arrive and it was the misfortune of the crab to be the last to reach the palace.

The king was now sinking rapidly and when he felt that death was near, he gave this command:

"I decree that a magnificent coat of colors shall be given to the peacock after I die. It was the first living creature to reach me and this is the way he shall be rewarded as I promised."

Then the king saw the crab and upon seeing him, he gave the following order:

"I decree that the intestines of the crab be taken out after I die, and that its legs be broken so that it can never again come to the imperial palace."

"And that is the reason," continued the narrator, "why peacocks have such glorious plumes and why the crab has to crawl forever on the ground. It was so decreed by the king."

And this is the story of the peacock and the crab.

Jonh Leyim (Jon Lee)
384 Fifth Street
Oakland, California

5, 3 - short story ?

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The Shrimp War
~~Bitter War in Oakland~~

There is a terrible war going on here in Oakland, a war to the bitter end, a war that depends on how long can we stand it, or whether we or the other party give up first. And it sure makes me darn mad to even think of it.

Here we are, doing fairly well in the shrimp business, the first good sign, when something terrible happens. We have been down at our location for four years, and just only recently business ~~is~~ beginning to pick up when this has to happen.

It happens that my brother Sung comes home one day, and he says, "There is going to be a new shrimp store in Oakland."

My mother sits in her chair, very surprised and she says to my brother Sung, "A new shrimp store?" she demands.

"Yes," my brother Sung answers, "my friends tell it to me. This new man who is starting the store came to the house of this friend of mine, and he wanted to hire his sisters to pick shrimps."

My mother gives forth a sort of ~~aggh~~ "Anyone is a fool who tries to start a shrimp store in Oakland. It is all right for us, family and children get together and receive no wages. If we have to hire anyone to run this store, it would have closed long ago."

I sit in my chair, listening to everything.

My mother says again, "Perhaps it is just a rumor, and there's no truth in it." She dismisses the matter completely.

For two days we do not hear anything about the new shrimp store until one day when my small sister ^{comes} ~~came~~ home from the Lincoln School, and she says to my mother, "A little girl at

school told me that there's going to be a new shrimp store, and she is going down there to pick shrimps during the summer vacation. The girl said that she would get fifteen cents per pound."

My mother looks surprised. "Fifteen cents? How much do they expect to sell the shrimps for? Seventy-five cents per pound."

That evening my brother tells us some more news.

"The new store is going to be located near Third and Broadway, and I heard that they are building a big icebox, and fixing the whole place over."

"Who is opening this shrimp store?" mother demands.

"I do not know," my brother Sung says.

"I still think it is very foolish for anyone to open a shrimp store now. Here we have one, and we are barely able to get along. If I were the man, I would spend my money on something more useful."

For many days after that we forget about the new shrimp store. Then more and more we begin to hear things. The old near-sighted woman comes in one day, and she says, "I heard that a new shrimp store is to be opened soon in Oakland. They tell me that it is on Ninth Street, near Harrison."

The other old woman says, "We have heard about it too."

And yet none is able to tell who is the man who is going to start the business.

Day by day we begin to get more news, news of this and that, and we do not know which is the truth, and which is false.

One day I go to see my aunt who moved away about a year

ago. She and her husband are ~~busily~~ busily picking shrimps.

My aunt says, "You have eaten rice?"

"I eat early in the morning," I tell my aunt.

"Have you heard about the new shrimp store?" she asks me.

"Yes," I say, "I heard about it about a week ago."

"The new store is going to have two new trucks, and a big and brand new icebox," my aunts says.

I laugh. "We have been in business so many years, and we don't even have a truck."

My aunt laughs, for she remembers how my uncle used to wake up early in the morning, and walk miles to deliver shrimps.

I go home that evening, and tell my mother about what my aunt told me.

"Perhaps there is really going to be a new store after all," my mother finally says.

Two weeks go by, and by this time we learn that a very rich man, Fong Wang, is the backer of the new store.

When my mother heard about this, she shakes her head.

"What does a rich man like Fong Wang wants to start a shrimps business for? He got his herb business, and he has a chain of stores all over. Why doesn't he leave us poor people alone, and let us make some money."

The old women in the store nod their head in agreement.

The next day we learn that Fong Wang is not going to take care of the store, but a man by the name of Lee Gar.

When we heard that, all of us are excited.

"That man!" my mother says loudly, "we are going to have a lot of trouble with him. He's no good. He is the same man

ly of him.

in the middle, "I feel it now."

"You should have the new machine at once," he said.

"There is a reason for this," he said.

"I have been in business for some time."

"I have been in business for some time."

"I have been in business for some time."

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"I have been in business for some time."

that causes all the trouble so many years ago to the former owner of ~~h~~his store. When the former owner dies, his wife said to me, 'That Lee is not good. Let us hope now that my husband would be able to strangle him, after all the trouble that he has caused to us.'"

The old near-sighted woman says, "That beast! He even fights against his own father. He started a store a few years ago on Webster Street. But he didn't last long. And let me tell you now, he won't last long with this new store either. He used to take away every customers that the old boss here used to sell to, and that no good Lee ~~try~~ tries to undersell us here. Shrimps from sixty cents a pound dropped to thirty-five cents a pound. And how long could he last at thirty-five cents a pound. Not long. He had to close his shop, and go away. This boss here lost a great deal of money, fighting against that Lee, trying to regain his lost business." She shakes her head.

My mother listens to all this, and in the end she says, "Is he like that?"

"He is worse than that," the old near-sighted woman says. My mother looks worried.

The near-sighted woman says, "He is going to do the same thing again. I know that man."

That same day my brother Sung and I go down to Third and Broadway, and sure enough there is a carpenter fixing the whole interior up.

"Is this the shrimp store here?" I ask my brother.

"I guess so," my brother says.

We press ourselves against the window panes, so as to get a better view of the interior of the store.

The next day a man is putting up in big golden letters these words, FONG WANG SHRIMP CO. The letters are big, and very attractive looking.

"Our store looks so terrible in comparison with this one," my brother Sung says.

"Yes," I answer.

"I bet he is going to take away all our business," Sung says,

"I hope not," I say.

That evening all of us go down to the new shrimp store just to spy upon it, to see what it is like. It is not yet finished, and the inside is very empty.

My mother looks at it, and says, "Fong Wang is very silly to spend so much money just for a shrimp store."

We go home after that.

Business goes on just like usual. Everything goes on like usual.

Then one day something happens. It seems that the rumor got around that the store will not hire any old women, only young girls.

When the old women in the store hear that, they say, "What young girl could you think of who is willing to work for forty or fifty cents a day picking shrimps?"

My mother says, "There are some girls who are willing to do it."

"And don't hire no old women," the near-sighted woman

spits out .

"And they pay fifteen cents a pound for shrimps," another woman ##### says.

"I don't see how they can do it," my mother says.

"Maybe they get the shrimps cheaper than we do," another woman says.

"Maybe," my mother answers.

One day my mother nephew who lives with us says, "That shrimp man is going to everyone of our customers, and taking them away. He is selling shrimps to them for forty cents a pound."

"Did he take away any of our customers," my mother says.

"He took away two already," Lloyd ##### says.

My mother's eyes flash fire. She is mad, I can tell.

"We must do something to stop him."

Lloyd says, "We must reduce our prices too."

The old near-sighted woman breaks in quickly, "Don't do it so quick. Once you drop your prices, you will have a very hard time putting it up again. If you drop your price, he will drop his still more, like he did the other time."

"We'll wait a few day, and see what happen⁶," my mother says.

Two days later three more customers go over to the new shrimp man. My mother knows that it is time to take action.

My mother says one day, "We must reduce our price just to battle it out with the other man. I can't believe that he will go way down to thirty-cents."

"But we will lose money if we sell for forty cents a pound," Lloyd suggests.

"No, we won't lose anything," mother says, "but we won't

make anything either. We ~~will~~ ^{will try} ~~try~~ and see how long the other man can last."

So we drop our prices down to forty cents a pound.

One day my brother Sung comes in very excited, and he says, "I met that man this morning. He was coming out from the Sea Cave. When he saw me, he did not dare to look at me. He bowed his head, and then he went into his car and drove away."

"Did the Sea Cave buy any shrimps from him?"

"No, the owner of the place told me that the shrimps that the Fong Wang Shrimp Company sells are no good. They are Richmond shrimps, and they have a smell like coal oil."

"Did the Sea Cave buy any shrimps today?"

"Yes, two pounds," my brother Sung says.

"Maybe the shrimp store won't last so long either. Their shrimps are no good."

Lloyd says, "If the Fong Wang Shrimp Company drops the price anymore, we should not follow. Give the customers time, and they will all come back to us, for our shrimps are of a higher grade, much better than Richmond shrimps."

"If we drop our prices anymore," my mother says, "we are losing money." Then she says, "That Lee Gar is no good."

Many days after that, many of our customers come back to us. They all say that the shrimps down at the Fong Wang Shrimp Company is no good.

But there are still many of our former customers who buy their shrimps from the Fong Wang Company, because the prices are five cents cheaper a pound.

"Give them time," my mother says, "they would all come

back to us."

"Let us hope so," Lloyd says.

One day there is a great deal of talk about the new shrimp store.

A former worker who used to work for us, went over to new store. She comes back one day, and says, "The man who takes care of that place is terrible. Every single evening he goes around to the barrel, and looks in, to see if any of the workers had thrown away the very small shrimps. He comes around and stare at the worker. He is always ~~scolding~~ ^{scolding} ~~scolding~~ this one or that one. I am coming back here to work, and I know that many more are going to quit."

"Is it true that they have only young girls down at that place?" my mother demands.

"There are some married women there," the lady answers.

My mother says, "A store like that can't last very long."

The woman says, "Something tells me that a store like that will fail."

The new store has taken away many of our business, and we find it necessary to fire three women from picking shrimps.

"When business gets better," my mother says, "we shall call you back."

The three women understand. One of them says, "And this store was going along pretty good the last few months, and to have all this shattered by that good-for-nothing Lee Gar."

"Business nowadays ^{is} ~~are~~ like that," mother says, "it is very hard for a Chinese to make money. Once you started something that is able to make something, someone else would come

along and ruin it for you. It seems so silly for us Chinese to go against each other like this. No matter how low we reduce our prices, the other purchasers still sell for the same price. We are losing money, and the white people make them all."

"The Chinese are like that," one of the woman says, "they do anything to ruin each other."

My mother nods her head slowly.

One morning my brother Sung comes home darn mad.

"I saw the Lee Gar this morning," he says, "but he did not look at me. He looked ^{ed} kind of ashamed when he noticed me. He ~~sends~~ ^{sent} a little boy to deliver shrimps for him, and he remained in his car. I talk ^{ed} to that little boy. I told him not to sell his shrimps for so low a price, so that each of us could make a little money. The boy said, 'But don't talk to me like that, I'm only doing this, because I am a hired man. I have nothing to do with the prices.' If I see that Lee Gar againk I am going to talk to him face to face, and give him a piece of my mind. If he tries to make trouble, I will fight him."

My mother says, "It is not necessary to go into a fight because of that."

My brother Sung says, "I'm mad like the devil." His eyes shine and gleam with hatred.

"All we need to do is to be patient," my mother says, "that store won't stay open very long."

The old near-sighted woman says, "Let us hope that the Fong Wang Shrimp Company go to ruin."

My mother says nothing.

Two ~~weeks~~ ^{weeks} go by. We sell our shrimps for forty cents a

"White people make noise all."

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pound. During that two weeks we make not a single cent. We are determined to go ~~##~~ through with this bitter war. One of us have to give up in the end.

My mother says one day, "If both stores sell at the same prices, I do not mind. Let the customers buy from whomever they wishes. But to have that store deliberately trying to take our customers away, it is not right. A person should not ^{do} business like that."

"Just be patient and wait," the old myopic woman says, "That store won't last."

Meanwhile all of us are being very patient, hoping that the other store go to the devil. We have lost quite a sum of money already, battling with the ~~best~~ other fellow. But we are determined to be the winner.

I hope the other store would go to the rocks, for I know that if this keep on, I can't get my ten or fifteen dollars from the money that I make (writing trash).

That's why I like to see the Fong Wang Shrimp Company go to ruin, not because I am ~~jealous~~ jealous of them, or because I do not like them. But because they are not good, and they do not do business in a fair way, and most important of all, I want to get my ten or fifteen dollars a month.

Down with Fong Wang Shrimp Company!

Jon Su

An Interview with a Boy.

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This boy is now seventeen years of age. He went back to China when he was twelve years old. His birthplace is America. He stayed in China for four years. Many would think that a boy ^{at} seventeen would not have much to tell. But I knew this boy before he went back to China. I was sure I could get a lot of information out of him.

This boy was in the fifth grade at the Lincoln School before he went back. He went to a little mission school on sixth street where he learn the Chinese language for the mere sum of twenty-five cents a month. The health of this boy was not very good. And his mother decided that the change of climate would do him good. The boy suffered from a continuous cough that had his mother worrying all the time. He was strong and sturdy and full of vitality but nevertheless his mother was worry about him.

He went back to study and also for his health. When he came over again he was well again. But he was disappointed that he did not learn very much.

He has a grandmother in China who was alive at the time. She lived in a little hamlet which translated in English would sound something like Ho Chung .

First when he went back to China, he went to school in the village. But his mother over here in America was dissatisfied with the results as her son could not write a letter to her in the native language. The boy later went to another school where food and board were provided to the students.

The boy grew lonely and later after a few months stay at that school he went back to the village to study. His mother over here in America could not do anything about it. The boy's grandmother like ~~to~~ the boy back at the village because he could be near her. And since the boy was the son of her son she treat him nice. The mother here thought that the grandmother was spoiling the boy. And when she received a letter from her brother telling her that her son was going around with bad company, she immediately made the boy come over to America.

This boy missed many years in the English school and when he came over to America, he has to start in the sixth grade. If he hasn't gone back to China, he would be in high school now. Right now this boy is attending the Westlake Jr. High School. He is in the low ninth grade.

When he ^{came} over after his stay in China, he was very thin. When asked why, he answer that the schools where he went did not provides enough food to the students.

It is a little over a year now since he came over and the only change that ^{or} come over him is that his cough is completely gone and that he is much taller.

I wanted to know about his early life in America and his life in China so I ask him, "Do you ^{remember} anything ~~about~~ your childhood that is interesting?"

"Well," he said, "I always remember that my mother look upon me as a bad boy. Whenever I had a fight with my brother she always took the side of my brother. She even send ^{me} to the Chung Mei Home in Berkeley. It is a ^{home}

where they take in both Americans and Chinese boys. My mother thought that by sending me there I would come out a good boy. ^{one}~~Just~~ a week we go to see a picture show. We play everything that is interesting. And each one of the boys takes turn in working. I have enough to eat, but my mother buys extra food and send them in once a week. After a month stay at that place I was so lonely that my mother finally took me out!"

Then I ask him what education he receive before going back to China.

"I was never a good student. I am frank enough to say that most of my time at school is just time wasted. I went to the mission school after the English classes. The woman who taught school there was a missionary. She charged the students only a quarter a month. Considering the price, it was a whole lot better than most of the other schools."

"Do you remember anything about your trip back to China.?"

"I went back on the President Cleveland. And like most any other oriental, I went back on the steerage class. I went alone. There was no one on the boat that I knew. I felt very strange ^{during} my first days on the boat. The first day that we put out to sea I immediately felt seasick. For two or three days I could not eat. There was a man on the boat who was considerate enough to write to my mother and let her know how I was. I gave him the address. And during the rest of the trip he was a very close friend of

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mine. I arrived in China just before the New Year. In fact when I reached there preparations were already being plan to receive me. Besides my trunk and clothes I have four boxes of things. Most of these were useful articles such as soap, pins, and all sort of other things. I also brought a bicycle back. And the people in the little village where my grandmother live just marveled at it. "

"How are the people back there. Are they any different from the people in America?"

"The people there are more particular in their manners. They are more polite. And there are all sorts of uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, and relatives. And if a person made a mistake such as calling a person by the wrong term he is considered as impolite and stupid. Over here in America the Chinese are much more informal in their greetings. The little village where I lived still ^{is} considered a remote place. It is not very large. Yet it is not so small."

"Did you do any sort of work during your stay in China?"

"Most of my time were spent either at school or at the village. My uncle owns a little store where I drop in sometimes when I have nothing to do. While I was at the village I have good opportunity to observe all sort of strange customs in the holidays. They are strange ^{and} at at the same time very fantastic. But all very fascinating. I never take part in the proceedings."

"How are the living conditions back there?"

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"There is not much difference in the living conditions between here and there. People would probably do the same thing here as they would over there. In China the people play mah jong almost every day. Hardly a day pass by that the people do not play. And the people do not sleep early. The earliest they sleep is around eleven o'clock. When there are guests on holidays they would play mah jong to early dawn. Or they would play domino."

"Did you visit any place while you was in China?"

"I visit many places in China. I also visit Honolulu when I was going back To China. I visit the pineapple factory there. I bought some of the pineapples on board. The next day we were on our way to Japan. It took the boat ten days before ~~they~~^{it} reached Tokyo. I didn't go ashore. The next day we were on our way to Shanghai.

"I arrived in Shanghai about ~~the~~^{a few} days later. I went ashore to see see some of my friends. My friends had a party ready for me. After the party we went to a Chinese show. I have to go on board after the show. The boat was sailing for Hong Kong. My uncle met me in Hong Kong. That night I lived in a hotel. My grandmother's willage was in Canton.

" I have an uncle who live in Ski Kay. He is a successful doctor. Everyone in Ski Kay depend on him. My aunt is a doctor also. When I was sick my uncle took care of me.

"I had a happy time in China in December 1931. It was my uncle's daughter wedding. I went to the party and saw many friends there. Some of the guests stayed at my uncle house for three or four days because in China they celebrated the wedding for three or four days.

"In my home town they haven't any automobiles. So they have to carry the bride in a chair. It was all so strange and it was the first time that I saw a wedding in China.

"In 1931 I began to feel homesick. Most of my friends came over to California. And I was left alone. I told my father that I wish^{ed} to come back and he told me that I could. I came back on a new boat that was making its first journey. When I came back my mother told me that my sister was going to be marry. I laugh^{ed} and said that I had a wedding party in China and now I am going to have one in California."

"You have a pretty exciting boyhood."

"Yes but when I came over I have to start all over. When I graduate from Westlake, I am going to high school. I hope to go to college. I plan to be a mechanic. I hope to go back to China~~and~~ and open a mechanic shop. In China there are only a few people who know how to^{do} anything dealing with mechan~~ics~~os.

And here we have a boy who plan^{ed} in the future to go back to his own country to open a shop. He is another person that I have interview^{ed} who wish to go back to China.

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...the first time I saw a ... in China.
...I began to feel ... of the ...
...to California. ... I sold ...
...I tried to ... and ... I ...
...on a new ... and ... the first ...
...I ... I ... I ...
...now I ... one in California."
"You have ... existing ..."
"Yes ... I ... I ... all over.
...from ... to ...
...to college. I ... to be a ...
...to China and ... in China

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comply. After serving as apprentice for six years, he became a regular worker, thus leaving his old position for somebody else. As a worker, he received three dollars a month. Yet he considered this a great opportunity and was proud of his profession, boasting about it to all of his relatives and friends.

Now through out the period of the Manchu dynasty there existed secret associations. They were of different types, but most of them were anti-Manchu and were in favor of restoring the Mings to the throne. Although begun as anti-Manchu organizations, these secret associations gradually began to lose their old political significance and become organizations of the people for fighting against the corruption of the local magistrates and against the oppressions of local landlords. In the immediate neighborhood of Chen's village there was one such organization called San Ting Hui which means The Three Spots Society. It was claimed that this association first made its appearance at the beginning of the Manchu dynasty. Among other things, this secret association preyed upon the members of the Tuho class and distributed the loot they collected among the poor people. One must not, however, be confused by its outward altruistic character, for though it claimed

so many Chinese farmers lived and how, under the stimulus of the new techniques, ideas that have come from the west, it has been possible for some of them to attain a considerable degree of affluence and to develop into comfortable bourgeois. His life-history will also serve to illustrate the nature of the ties that bound a Chinese peasant to the soil on which he was raised long after he had ceased to live there permanently.

Kwan was the oldest son of a poor farmer of the Chung San district, of Kwantung. When he was barely two years old his father was so poor that he had to sell himself into what amounted to slavery. At that time he owed about \$900 to several wealthy persons who had lent it to him to buy some lands for farming. Unfortunately this land was not very productive nor, when it did produce, was it profitable. The main reason for this was, of course, not so much any natural lack of fertility of the soil but because of the frequent droughts. Only irrigation could have helped and for that Kwan's father was too poor. His creditors gave him four years in which to meet the payments.

During the next three years, however, not a single drop of rain fell. Kwan's father was again notified of his indebtedness and that he would have to meet his obligations promptly at the end of the fourth

year. If he could not do so they would expect him to work out his indebtedness to those who had lent him the money. In other words, he would have to work without remuneration until he had paid in work-hours the equivalent of the amount of the money owed. Two generations ago wages were very low. Farm hands or laborers were paid only nine to twelve dollars a year and so this meant, in effect, that to work out his loan he would have to work all his life without receiving any compensation, and not only he but his whole family would be in bondage for the rest of their lives.

Fortunately fate was kind to them and before the end of the fourth year rain fell in great abundance. Kwan's father was thus saved from virtual bondage for life. At that time Kwan was five years old. His father, freed from his obligations and worries could now devote himself with renewed energy and hopefulness to cultivating his land. In four years he had accumulated a little money and his family did not have to do without the necessities of life as had been the case for so many years before.

Kwan was sent to a missionary school near the county seat of his village. This school was supported by the missionaries from churches in the United States. There he was taught Chinese and various related subjects

as well as English and a trade. Much to his delight he was allowed to select whatever trade struck his fancy. He selected weaving and wicker furniture making. This happened to be very popular at the time. Kwan spent nine years in this school and after he graduated he entered a Chinese secondary school where he took some technical courses for two years.

His father felt that his training was now over and that he should help him with his farming. He was given charge of the business end of the farming. Full of the new ideas he had acquired during his schooling, he suggested to his father that the farm be irrigated and that more fertilizers be used so that there would be a greater yield of produce. The father acquiesced and the farm was completely turned over to the son. Kwan then hired three men to help him with the work of irrigation and fertilizing the soil. Soon they raised wheat, rye, rice, mustard green and other cereals and greens, all planted in rotation. After he had materially increased the income on the twenty-five acres of land, his next move was to turn it back to his father, for he had suddenly been overwhelmed with the desire to come to America, that land about which he had heard so much in school, and from Chinese-Americans who returned to visit their native land.

To America he went at the age of nineteen and he worked there for six years as laundry worker and cook before he returned to visit his parents. His return was celebrated in the approved Chinese manner.

His parents' first suggestion after his return was that he marry and raise a family. As a matter of fact, without his knowledge, they had already arranged for his betrothal to a young girl. He did not agree with this practice but he acknowledged the inalienable right of his parents to get him a wife. He, accordingly, went through with his part and was duly married with all the elaborateness that accompanied marriage in China a thousand years ago.

It may be of interest to quote Kwan's own description of these festivities:

"All my relatives were gathered into one house to help celebrate the happy occasion. When the bridal matron, as she was called, arrived at the bridegroom's house with the bride, the wedding guests rushed to the entrance to welcome her. The matron then helped everyone to open a red umbrella for the bride as soon as she stepped out of the sedan chair. The bride was carried on the back of the matron, while she held the umbrella over her. The umbrella was supposed to shield the bride from the unwelcome looks of the evil spirits and the bride was carried on the back of the matron in the belief that she would thus not step on anything that

evil spirits might have placed on the ground. In other words the bride must not let the evil spirits cast any spells upon her. Such practices, of course, are not much followed now. The so-called bridal matron was an elderly woman who had many children and grandchildren. She was hired by the bride's family. Only a woman with such qualifications was hired because of the belief that through her influence the bride would have many children. In other words, she symbolized productivity."

Kwan remained in China until a pair of identical twin boys was born to him. This was indeed a good omen for the future. Traditionally, a boy as the first-born child was welcomed with open arms, but two boys at the same time, that brought more joy to the heart of a Chinese father than gold. And so the happy event was celebrated for three long weeks.

Once more Kwan has returned to California. He has amassed a considerable fortune. He has always maintained close contact with China. His wife and the two children took frequent trips back to China and the children went to school in China for eight years.

But let us now turn from this typical success story to the fate that befell our third person, Mrs. Tang.

Mrs. Tang was born in a village in the Chung Shan district of Kwantung Province, a moderately sized place with about two hundred families. She came from a peasant family, her grandfather "owning" more than a hundred mu of land just outside the village. On this land the entire family worked day and night, throughout the harvest season to help out their father and grandfather. With them worked a group of hired people. The family could not then have been badly off as Chinese peasants go. All the lands which her grandfather "owned" were rented from the richest landlord in the Chung Shan district. When she was a small child her grandfather died and the support of the entire family fell upon her father. He was a weak and sickly man and was unable to till so large an area so that, in consequence, more than half the lands had to be returned to the landlord and the resources of the family began to grow progressively worse. She never attended school or had other special training because parents did not allow the girls to be educated in the village. Once when she asked to go to school, a somewhat unusual request on a girl's part, her parents bluntly refused.

At the age of ten she started to work in the kitchen with her mother. A few years later, she helped her mother by cooking the meals during the busy period

of sowing and harvesting. She never was given any opportunity, she complained, of playing with any of the children in the neighborhood. She had never been in the city and was not even allowed to visit relatives who lived just outside the village. She, like so many other girls at that time, was becoming dimly aware of of the injustice of the tyrannous control exercised by parents over children, especially the girls. There was nevertheless no outward rebellion.

When she was sixteen years old, she married a man who had once worked on her father's farm and who lived just a few miles from their home. The marriage, of course, had been arranged. Her parents told her that the marriage had cost about five hundred or six hundred dollars (silver). From this one can obtain some idea of the drain on the family resources the marriage festivities must have meant if a family, living in such penury, would nevertheless spend so huge a sum on such an occasion. It often took years to pay off the indebtedness then contracted. To make matters worse the first child born to them was a daughter.

At the time, Mrs. Tang's husband was working in Canton city. For fourteen hours a day he received the munificent sum of fifteen dollars monthly. In order

to help out she did weaving at home. Her husband owned no property, the house in which they lived being rented from a neighbor for sixty cents a month.

In 1920, her husband had an opportunity to come to the United States and prospered there sufficiently to send home \$400 to \$500 every year for a number of years and she and her immediate family thus lived in comfortable circumstances for a short period at least. Since she could not read and write she had to engage a person to read and write for her whenever letters were received or dispatched.

Finally her husband sent for her and she left, leaving her daughter in the care of her mother. Life was good to her in California. Her husband was first a farmer in this city and then he bought a small grocery store in San Francisco. The next year the coveted son was born to her and the following year, another, so that everything seemed to augur happiness. But all her hopes collapsed when her husband was killed in a Tong feud. She had to sell her store and is now eking out a miserable existence working in a cannery, in a shrimp shop and at sewing.

"Clad in wistaria, girdled with ivy;" thus sang Ch u P ing in his Falling into Trouble. Of ox-headed devils and serpent Gods, he of the long nails never wearied to tell. Each interprets in his own way the music of heaven; and whether it be discord or not, depends upon antecedent causes. As for me, I cannot, with my poor autumn fire-fly's light, match myself against the hobgoblins of the age. I am but the dust in the sunbeam, a fit laughing-stock for devils. For my talents are not those of Kan Pao, elegant explorer of the records of the Gods; I am rather animated by the spirit of Su Tung-p o, who loved to hear men speak of the supernatural. I get people to commit what they tell me to writing and subsequently I dress it up in the form of a story; and thus in the lapse of time my friends from all quarters have supplied me with quantities of material, which, from my habit of collecting, has grown into a vast pile.

Human beings, I would point out, are not beyond the pale of fixed laws, and yet there are more remarkable phenomena in their midst than in the country of those who crop their hair; antiquity is unrolled before us, and many tales are to be found therein stranger than that of the nation of Flying Heads. 'Irrepressible bursts, and luxurious ease,' - such was always his enthusiastic strain. For ever indulging in liberal thought, - thus he spoke openly without restraint. Were men like these to open my book, I should be a laughing-stock to them indeed. At the cross-road men will not listen to me, and yet I have some knowledge of the three states of existence spoken of beneath the cliff; neither should the words I utter be set aside because of him that utters them. When the bow was hung at my father's door, he dreamed that a sickly looking Buddhist priest, but half covered by his stole, entered the chamber. On one of his breasts was a round piece of plaster like a cash (a coin); and my father, waking from sleep, found that I, just born, had a similar black patch on my body. As a child, I was thin and constantly ailing, and unable to hold my own in the battle of life. Our own home was chill and desolate as a monastery; and working there for my livelihood with my pen, I was as poor as a priest with his alms-bowl. Often and often I put my hand to my head and exclaimed, 'Surely he who sat with his face to the wall was myself in a previous state of existence;' and thus I referred my non-success in this life to the influence of a destiny surviving from the last. I have been tossed hither and thither in the direction of the ruling wind, like a flower falling in filthy places; but the six paths of transmigration are inscrutable indeed, and I have no right to complain. As it is, midnight

Journal

The Life Story of a Boy

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Many times we have heard of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps nothing could verify this better than the life story of this boy.

Those of us who read the books of Pearl Buck knows that she is an authority on Chinese life. In her book, "Sons," she shows us the conflict of the bandits and the poor farmers. Also in the same book she describes the looting, the lust, the killing, and the desires of the roving bandits. Through her books we are fascinated by the adventure, the excitement of the story. But it seems to me that to know a person who had been through adventures more or less parallel to the story "Sons," is still a greater adventure.

This boy is about eighteen years old. I knew him when he was living across the street from us at the time we were living on Webster Street. He was borned in China. And this was a fact that I never knew until he told it to me not so long ago.

And then and only then that I knew that his life story is more thrilling than some of the books I have been reading.

It happened that I was talking to this boy one day. I have no intention of interviewing him. I was talking to him asking him if he knew anyone that I could talk to. I was telling him what I was doing. I think that he never intended that I write a story about him. But it was one of those things that just happened. He talked and I listened. Before he com-

pleted his narrative I knew that he could supply me with material in plentitude.

And the story he unfolded was so real that it has all the earmarks of a ^{tale} that is not true.

He lived in a little village called Gan Tow in Canton. He was barely seven when he came over to America. The whole story that he told to me was told to him by his father. The boy could ~~could~~ not remember much because he was so young at the time.

His father was ~~borned~~ over here in America. And like the majority of the Chinese at that time he went back to China to get marry. Over here in America he was working in the dry goods business. And little by little he saved enough to go back.

He married and a few years later a son was born to them. In China whenever a son is borned there was great rejoicing. The years rolled by one after another. The father then decided to come over to America. He was bringing his entire family over.

An incident took place then. And as a result of this incident the father made a final decision to come over. Perhaps if this had not happened the family today might still be living in China.

Even today the boy's mother is affected by what happened and she does not know when she would be able to free herself of the obligations which came as a result of

the happening.

In China in the olden days bandits roamed the countryside. They made it a specialty to loot the little tiny villages because they knew positively that the people could not offer any sort of resistance. These bandits roamed around in groups. Most of them ~~and~~ were poor people. And banditry was more or less their life work. And whenever a horde of bandits swooped ^{down} upon a tiny village, the people had just as much chance as a craft on a dark and ^{stormy} ~~stormy~~ sea.

The village of Gan Tow was another one of the remote villages that one finds so much of in China. The population did not exceed a few hundred. The poorer people lived in little wooden shacks. The more prosperous lived in brick-built houses. And that alone would be enough to give the occupants away as people of wealth.

Rumors were floating around by mouth chatter that a group of bandits had attacked a neighboring village. The people in Gan Tow hoped and prayed to the earthen gods that they might be spared any unfortunate visits by these bandits to their village.

But all to no avail. One morning in early dawn the bandits rode down upon the village and caught it completely unaware. In spite of the fact that the people there knew that the bandits would be coming, they were caught off their guard. Nevertheless many had ^{the} good fortune to be able to escape.

The majority of the people were asleep at the time.

The boy's father was awoken by the noise and chatter of the bandits. Instinct told him not to look and find out what it was that was causing all the noise. He knew. He acted. He took the little boy up on the roof. There was a secret way up there that no one knew except members of the family. The boy's mother was asleep at the time.

- The father learned by the rumor that the bandits did not capture any women from the neighboring villages. But unfortunately this time they did. In his haste to escape the father ^{had} completely forgot~~t~~ his wife. He thought that the bandits would leave as soon as they have looted the village. But again he was wrong.

The bandits looted the whole village, burned all the store houses, kidnapped and captured every single person who did not escape. Many who departed from the village never ^{son} returned ~~to it~~ ^{again}.

In his excitement in escaping the father dropped the little boy off the roof. The boy was almost killed. However he got well. The bandits left. The father came down. The furniture in the house were all broken. The servants were missing. His wife was missing.

The father sat there alone and did not know what to do. He had a little money and he wished to get his wife back. But he knew that he would need a great deal ^{more} before he could be able to pay the ransom.

Many days passed by. There was no news as to what had happened to the captives.

The father was worried. The blood and the bodies were still visible to the eyes. The whole village was a hollow and desolate place.

The bandits came ~~back~~ back four times. And every time the little nook on the roof top saved the life of the boy and the man. The ~~boys~~^{boy's} mother was hidden away on a distant hill.

Immediately after the fourth visit of the robbers the boy and the man moved over to Sak Kay. This city was larger and the bandits rarely or never visited it.

The father were making all sorts of negotiations⁺ with the bandits but all were no use. He could not reach them directly.

A month sped by.

During this time the father had met a man who knew another man who knew the bandits. And it was through this man that the father paid over the money and got his wife back.

"And when my mother got back she was just a guant skeleton. We lived in Sak Kay until my mother got well. My father borrow^{ed} all of his money in order to get my mother back. We were wiped out of our fortune and my father decided to come over and start anew."

Thus ended this boy early childhood in China.

I wanted to know about his life over here and I asked him, "Just what have you~~ne~~ been doing since you came over?"

"We lived in San Francisco when we first came over. My two brothers were borned over there. My mother worked day in and day out sewing clothes. My father managed to get a job working in the dollar store. I went to school in San Francisco. A few years later my family moved over

and I could never or never visited it.

During this time the father had a son who was named

and his name was William. And it was through this

"and when my mother got back she was just a friend
therefore. I lived in the city until my mother got well.

from England. This boy early called in this.

I wanted to know about his life over here and I asked

"I lived in the city until my mother got well.

and I lived in the city until my mother got well.

to Oakland. My father worked in the Dollar store in Oakland. Right now he is still working there. My mother continued with her sewing. I solded papers on the street corners. My father and mother make just enough for living expenses. My mother let me keep my own money and she let me do what I wish with^{it}~~it~~."

"Do You sell paper now?", I questioned him.

"I have been selling paper for the last two years. I managed somehow to save enough to buy myself a radio. I even took out a policy in life insurance which I paid for myself. Instead of paying quarterly premiums, I pay my premiums once a year. Every summer I go into the country and pick fruits. And during the school semesters I work at different school jobs. By doing all this work I make enough money for expenses and yet have enough to spend for pleasure."

"What do you do in your spare time?"

"On school days I do not have much time. I work after school. I do not go to the Chinese school."

"What do you do for pleasure?"

"Twice a week I go to my friend's house to play mah jong (the good old reliable game). We play just for the fun of it. I never play for money. I am a regular movie fan. I go to the shows on the average of about two or three times a week. I read books and I enjoy swimming. I play tennis every morning on Saturdays and Sundays at the First Avenue Park."

"Tell me about your work in the country."

"Every summer I go into the country with a group of

boys. The year before last I went into a little town near Grass Valley. Last year I went into Courtland. This summer I went to the same place also. Years ago a person could make from fifty to a hundred dollars by picking fruits. Now a person is fortunate if he could make fifty dollars. This summer I went into the country too late. When I reached there the people were already started. I worked there a few weeks and ~~then~~ I came out to Oakland. I went into another little town where I worked for a few days. I managed to make just a few dollars. Then I came out here again and ~~I~~ went into another little town where I worked there a few days. By this time school was almost begun. Altogether I made about forty dollars. It was through this work that I managed to pay my insurance premium."

"Is the work very hard?"

"To me it is not ~~very~~^{very} hard. I have been used to it. Some of the boys that went in with me complained about the pain in their back and shoulders. All of us have to get up early in the morning. The first thing we do ~~is~~^{was} to eat rice. And then we start^{ed} work almost immediately. We work^{ed} until five in the evening. Because of the fact that we have to get up early, we sleep very early. In the evening^{the} group of boys and myself play^{ed} bridge. It was in the country that I learned how to play mah jong. Sometimes we have a day off and we do not have to work. On Sundays we do not work at all. During the days that we ~~are~~^{were} off the boys and I ~~would~~^{went} go into the neighboring towns ~~and~~^{to} see a motion picture. "

since I was a child.

It is a very old story.

well, I am a very old man. I am a very old man.

little town where I was born. I was born in a little town.

and I was born in a little town. I was born in a little town.

"It is a very old story."

It is a very old story. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

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and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

and I have been here for a long time. I have been here for a long time.

"Why did you quit your newspaper work?"

"When I was going to the grammar school and the junior high school I did not have much homework to do. But when I started to go to high school I needed the time to do my work. It was for this reason that I quit my newspaper work. Instead of doing that I worked at a school job. I have to work after school for only a hour or two. Of course I do not make as much as I would if had continued with my newspaper work."

I thought that this was enough questioning on my part about him so I changed the subject and asked him about his father.

"Do you remember what year that you and your father and your mother came over?"

"I do not know ^{definitely} ~~definitely~~ what year I came over. I think it was around 1924. I cannot remember anything about the trip at all."

"How old is your father and mother?"

"My father is fifty three and my mother is thirty four. My small brother is nine years old and my other brother is almost eleven years old."

"The real reason for your father coming over is because of the bandits, is it not.?"

"It is. And of course he came over here to make a living. And in spite of the fact that we are over here for a good many years we are still in debt. Somehow we do not make enough to pay back all of the money that my father borrow^{ed} from his friends to pay for the ransom of my mother."

the following year I was elected
to the office of Justice of the Peace
and served in that capacity for
two years.

After the war I returned to the
state of Ohio and resided in
the city of Cleveland for some
years. I then moved to the
city of Toledo and resided
there for some years.

I am now residing in the city of Toledo.

He continued, "My mother is always sick. Already in the past few years she ~~already~~ had three major operations. It's a wonder how she ever live through them. But the moment she gets well she work just as hard as ever. I have worked quite hard for a boy. But outside of a few colds and ^{some} little small ailments I never had any major illness."

"What do you plan to do after you finished high school?"

"My father wants me to go back to study. Perhaps for a few years. And then I could come over again if I wish-wish. Or I could stay back there and work there. I wish to be a mechanic. Perhaps a aviator. I would like very much to go to a mechanical school."

By talking to this boy I knew that he did not have an easy life. He knows hardship and suffering. And because of that I know that he will ^{be} successful in whatever he wishes to do. He told me also that his father and mother planned to return to China someday and settle there permanently.

He said, "Before I end my story I wish to tell you something quite humorous and yet rather sad. My father told me that when I was about two years old I was engaged to a girl baby who was about nine months old. In some of the more remote places in China in those olden days the parents planned the marriage of their sons and daughters way ahead of time. If I had stayed in China, by now, I would probably have married her. As it is, today she is married to another man. And I do not remember her at all. This incident is funny to me because it is so quaint. Sad, because it still shows the backwardness

It's a pity that I never had any major illness."

and few years

...but she never lived through them. But she never did
...and well she worked as hard as ever. I have worked since

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of that I know that he will succeed in whatever he wishes

...to return to China someday and settled there permanently.

...I wish to tell you I know that he will not have

...something on the horizon and yet never said. My father told

me that when I was about two years old I was engaged to a

girl baby who was about nine months old. In some of the more

remote places in China in those older days the parents planned

the marriage of their sons and daughters way ahead of time.

if I had stayed in China by now - would probably have married

her. As it is today she is married to another man. And I do

...I wish to tell you I know that he will not have

...I wish to tell you I know that he will not have

...I wish to tell you I know that he will not have

of our country. I have no doubt that even today many marriages are planned that same way."

Thus did this boy ended his life story. I was ^{fascinated} fascinated by his whole life.

By comparing his life to mine I know that I have missed a lot of excitement and adventure because of the fact that I was borned over here in America.

After interviewing young people for a time, I decided to change a little and interview some older people. This time it is a middle age woman. Not quite middle age but almost thirty-five years of age.

She came over here to America when she was a young lady in the year, 1919. To her it seemed long and she does not even remember the boat in which she came over.

This woman was borned in a little village. She is the smallest child in a family of nine. The family lived in a two story shack. Besides the family there were also a grandmother and a grandfather living in the same house. The woman was married to her husband without knowing whom he was. And she was not married until she landed in San Francisco.

The husband, before he got married, was a farmer. He was poor and the woman was poor, and their marriage was arranged before either one knew anything about it.

They decided to get marry over in San Francisco since they were coming over. They had many friends over here whom they knew. And it was these ^{friends} ~~friends~~ who lent them the money for the wedding celebration.

After their marriage they went in Isleton to live. They stayed there seven years. A son was borned to them during this time.

Living conditions there were not so hard for the family to get along. They owned a cow and it supplied the baby with milk. And the man owned many fruit trees. He also grew his own vegetables. And the family managed to get along fairly well.

The first few years in the country was not so bad. The family made enough money ^{or} that they even have a little saved up.

After years of hard work the family finally bought a little store. And they ~~named~~ ^{named} it Wing Hing Lee. The store sold groceries and other kind of foodstuffs. The family was able to move away from the little hut where they ~~once~~ occupied for so long.

The little town of Isleton, at the time the family was living there, was just composed of a few blocks of land. Over ninety percent of the entire population was oriental people. They mingled together as one family. All of the houses and stores in the town were built of wood. The streets were filled with ~~sharp~~ ^{sharp} and pointed rocks, and it is quite difficult to drive a automobile over it. The streets, or to be more exact, the sidewalks were raised five or six inches from the ground. Almost all of the streets were made up of board. The thumping of the shoes ^{on} ~~on~~ the board \ was an everyday occurrence.

Many years ago a fire swept over the town. The whole town was almost completely destroyed. It was after the fire that the family moved out to Oakland to live. All of their furniture and belongings were lost in the fire. Their house was just ashes, just atoms of ruin.

Then they moved out to Oakland and ~~lived~~ ^{lived} with a friend of theirs. This ~~friend~~ ^{friend} was a teacher. She taught the little boy ~~and~~ how to read and write.

The man managed to find a job in Berkeley. He was a cook and he cooked meals for students at a school. His wife was expecting another addition to the family. A son was borned to her many months later. He died of diptheria when he was five.

All of the time while the family was living in Oakland , they lived with this teacher. This teacher was always sick. And she blamed it on the house as one of ill luck. She moved on the average of three times a year. Since the man and the woman could not have a house of their own they were obliged to move whenever the teacher moved. The constant moving to and fro was unbearable. The family finally rent a house of their own.

About this time the woman's brother arrived in San Francisco. He had just arrived from the orient. Due to the urging on the part of the brother, the ^{sister} ~~family~~ went over to the city and lived with him. Years later they moved over to Oakland, ~~again~~. Since then, the brother and the sister had been living together.

I wished to know about her early childhood and her early life in America in more detail.

I questioned her.

"Do you remember anything about your childhood?"

"Why, of course. I ~~reman~~ remembered that I was the only one in my family who did not have bindid feet. You know I do not include the boys. Girls in those days were considered counse and rough when the possessed big feet. My father was directly oppossed to the binding of woman's feet. My mother had just the oppo@site view. She binded the feet of all my sisters in order to be sure that it was well done. I was hardly seven when my mother decided to bind my feet. I was against it. So was my father. He sided with me. There were many argu- between my father and mother over my feet.

"However, in the end I won out. And my mother said that as sure as the earth does turn I would marry a poor man. It did come out true, although I personally do not think that it was the feet that decided it."

She continued talking about her family life.

"I lived in a large family. Amy And my father worked on the land. We were poor people. ~~We~~ grew enough to eat. We sold some of our crops to have some money to buy other things. If I remembered correctly, ~~my~~ ^{my} childhood was just work and more work. And since we lived on the land all of us helped with the farming. None of my brothers and sister ever went to school until they were grown men and women. My father taught me a little at home whenever he had the time. Girls were not supposed to know too much in the village where ~~we~~ ^{we} lived."

She continued, and talk^{ed} about her life over in America.

"I was almost twenty when I got married. I was married here in the United States, I remembered a great celebration and there was many friends whom I have not seen since my childhood. They all came over when I ^{was} still a baby. After my marriage I went into Isleton to live. My husband has been a farmer all his life and he could do the sort of country work that is required of him. We owned a orchard out there and every year when the fruits get ripe we hired many men to help with the crop. When I moved in there I only knew a few people. Some of the people that I knew speak a different dialect than that of mine. It is very difficult to talk to each other. Country life is not easy to those who are not used to it. In the evening we sleep early and in the morning we woke up

early. We worked hard. I did all of the cooking on a coal oil stove. I ^{could} not remember definitely, but I think we have gas for lightening ~~for~~ purposes.

"Did you worked as hard in Isleton as ~~you~~ when you was a little girl?"

"All my life I worked hard. In China I was praised ~~by~~ ^{by} everyone who knew me as a very helpful and obedient girl. Of course I could do better work than all of sisters because I did not have to walk around on two or three inches of ~~quar~~ ^{erel} ~~square~~ feet. Sometimes I wonder ^{with such small feet} how the people could ever get along.

"My mother has the tiniest feet that I ever saw on anyone. Yet she could go up the stairs and walk just as easily as I could. The people who have binded feet walked as though they are walking on stilts."

"Is it because of the fire that you moved out to Oakland?"

"The fire was one of the chief reason why we moved out. Business began to dwindle after a few years in the country. We sold our store to another man. I really think that even if the fire had not destroyed our house we would have moved out ^{to} ~~the~~ the city inevitably."

"What kind of work did you do since coming out to Oakland?"

"I have been sewing clothes lately. But the pay is not as high as it used to be. I do all sort of odd jobs. When a friend of mine have a baby I go over to her house and help for a few days. I worked in the cannery in the ~~the~~ canning season. By doing all sorts of work I managed to get along."

I knew that the husband of this woman had never been to school. He could not read a single word of the Chinese language. And because of that he is not able to work at jobs that demanded a fluent understanding of the languages.

Right now he is working at a Chinese food store. His job is to deliver goods to the customers and to collect money. He eats at the store. But he come home to sleep. Because the woman eats alone she does not have to spend ^{so} ~~as~~ much money for food.

The woman now has three children. The youngest is almost a year old. If the other had not died there would be five persons in the family.

The woman is very careful about spending money. She only spends it when only absolutely necessary. She does not have any luxuries and she is not extravagant. I think that this family represents a great percentage of the ^{oriental} families in the United States as far as the living conditions are concerned.

Although I did not ask this woman whether she plans to go back to China or not, I am sure that if I had asked her, the answer would be in the affirmative.

Whenever the question is asked of a person as to why ^{come} ~~does~~ a person over to America, nine chances out of ten the answer would be that they came over here to make a living.

I asked this woman, "Could you not make a living in China just as well in China?"

"In China we do not speak of America as America. We called it Gum Sarn. Translated it means the Golden Hills. In the little village there are all sort of stories about

this country. The talk is that this land is overflowing with gold. And also that nobody is poor here. We decided that since the gold is flowing so freely ~~that~~ we might just as well be among those to get a part of it. In spite of the fact that America is a rich nation, the talk is a little exaggerated. Some of the people who lived in the little villages all ^{life really} their ~~really~~ believed that America is rich and overflowing with gold."

This woman worked hard all her life. She does not have much time for pleasure. But she is happy as she is .

Perhaps if she were to change place with a another woman she would probably not do it.

On the whole Chinese woman do a lot of hard work.

And they seemed to bear it without any trouble. This

~~woman~~ ^{woman} is no exception.

She will continued to work and saved and when she ^{has} ~~have~~ enough she would return home and spend the rest of her life there.

VI

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The Life Story of a Woman

After interviewing young people for a time, I decided to change a little and interview some older people. This time it is a middle aged woman. [Now] quite middle aged but almost thrity-five years [of age].

She came over here in America when she was a young lady in the year 1919. To her it seemd long and she does not even remember the boat in which she came over.

This woman was born in a little village. She is the smallest child in a family of nine. The family lived in a two story shack. Besides the family there were also a grandmother and grandfather living in the same house. The woman was married to her husband without knowing who he was and she was not married until she landed in San Francisco.

The husband, before he got married, was a farmer. He was poor and the woman was poor, and their marriage was arranged by either one knew anything about it.

They decided to get married over in San Francisco since they ware coming over. They had many friends over here whome they knew. And it was these friends who loaned them the money for the wedding celebration.

After thei marriage they went to Isleton to live. They stayed there seven years. A son was born to them during this time.

Living conditions were not so hard for the family to get along. They owned a cow and it supplied the baby with milk. And the man owned many fruit trees. He also grew his own vegetables. And the family managed to get along fairly well.

The first few years in the country was not so bad. The family made enough money so that they even have a little saved up.

After years of hard work the family fainlly bought a little store. [And they named it Wing Hing Lee.] The store sold groceries and other kind of foodstuffs. The family was able to move away from the little hut where they occupied for so long.

The little town of Isleton, at the time of the family was living there, was just composed of a few blocks of land. Over niney percent of the entire population was oriental people. They mingled together as one family. All of the houses and stores in the twon were build of wood. The streets were filled with sharp pointed rocks, and it is quite difficult to drive an automobile over it. The streets, or to be more exact, the sidewalks were raised five or six inches from the ground. Almo t all of the streets were made up of board. The thumping of the shoes on the board was an everyday occurrence.

Many years ago a fire swept over the twon. The whole town was almost complegely destroyed. It wa after the fire that the family moved out of Oakland to live. All of their furniture and belongings were lost in the fire. Their house was jush ashes.

just atoms of ruin.

Then they moved out to Oakland and lived with a friend of theirs. This friend was a teacher. She taught the little boy how to read and write.

The man managed to find a job in Berkeley. He was a cook and he cooked meals for students at a school. His wife was expecting another addition to the family. A son was born to her many months later. He died of diptheria when he was five.

All of the time while the family was living in Oakland, they lived with this teacher. This teacher was always sick. And she blamed it on the house as one of ill luck. She moved on the average of three times a year. Since the man and the woman could not have a house of their own they were obliged to move whenever the teacher moved. The constant moving to and fro was unbearable. The family finally rented a house of their own.

About this time the woman's brother arrived in San Francisco. He had just arrived from the orient. Due to the urging on the part of the brother, the sister went over to the city and lived with him. Years later they moved over to Oakland. Since then, the brother and the sister had been living together.

I wished to know about her early childhood and her early life in America in more detail.

I questioned her.

"Do you remember anything about your childhood?"

"Why, of course. I remember that I was the only one in my family who did not have binded feet. You know I do not include the boys. Girls in those days were considered coarse and rough when they possessed big feet. My father was directly opposed to the binding of woman's feet. My mother had just the opposite view. She binded the feet of all my sisters in order to be sure that it was well done. I was hardly seven when my mother decided to bind my feet. I was against it so my father was too. He sided with me. There were many arguments between my father and mother over my feet.

"However, in the end I won out. And my mother said that as sure as the earth does turn I would marry a poor man. It did come out true, although I personally do not think that it was the feet that decided it."

She continued talking about her family life.

"I lived in a large family. My father worked on the land. We were poor people. We grew enough to eat. We sold some of our crops to have some money to buy other things. If I remember correctly my childhood was just work and more work. And since we lived on the land all of us helped with the farming. None of my brothers and sisters ever went to school until they were grown men and women. My father taught me a little at home whenever he had the time. Girls were not supposed to know too much in the village where I lived."

She continued and talked about her life over in America.

"I was almost twenty when I got married. I was married here in the United States. I rember a great celebration and there ware many friends whom I have not seen since my childhood. They all came over when I was still baby. After my marriage I went into Isleton to live. My husband has been a farmer all his life and he could do the sort of coutry work that is required of him. We owned an orchard out there and every year when the fruits get ripe we hired many men to help with the crop. When I moved in there I only knew a few people. Some of the people that I knew speak a different dialect than that of mine. It is very difficult to talk to each other. Country life is not easy to those who are not used to it. In the even we sleep early and in the morning we woke up early. We worked hard. I did all of the cooking on a coal oil stove. I could not remeber definitely, but I think we have gas for lighting purposes."

"Did you work as hard in Isleton as when you were a little girl?"

"All my life I worked hard. In China I was praised by everyone who knew me as a very helpful and obedient girl. of course I could do better work than all of the sisters because I did not have to walk around on two or three inches of feet. Sometimes I wonder-ed how the people could ever get along with such small feet.

"My mother has the tiniest feet that I ever saw on anyone. Yet she could go up the stairs and walk just as easily as I could. The people who have binded feet wlked as though they are walking on stilts."

"Is it because of the fire that you moved out of Oakland?"

"The fire was one of the chief reasons why we moved out. Business began to dwindle after a few years in the country. We sold our store to another man. I really think that even if the fire had not destroyed our house we would have moved out to the city inevitably."

"What work did you do since coming out to Oakland?"

"I have been sewing clothes lately, but the pay is not as high as it used to be. I do all sort of odd jobs. When a friend of mine has a baby I go over to her house and help for a few days. I worked in the cannery in the canning season. By doing all sorts of work I managed to get along."

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alone she does not have to spend so much money for food.

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The woman is very careful about spending money. She only spends it when only absolutely necessary. She does not have any luxuries and she is not extravagant. I think that this family represents a great percentage of the oriental families in the United States as far as the living conditions are concerned.

Although I did not ask this woman whether she plans to go back to China or not, I am sure that if I had asked here, the answer would be in the affirmative.

Whenever the question is asked of a person as to why does a person come over the sea to America, nine chances out of ten the answer would be that they came over here to make a living.

I asked this woman, "could you not make a living in China just as well?"

In China we do not speak of America as America. We call it Gum Sarn. Translated it means the Golden Hills. In the little village there are all sort of stories about this country. The talk is that this land is overflowing with gold. And also that nobody is poor here. We decided that since the gold is flowing so freely we might just as well be among those to get a part of it. In spite of the fact that America is a rich nation, the talk is a little exaggerated. Some of the people who lived in the little villages all their life really believed that America is rich and overflowing with gold."

This woman worked hard all her life. She does not have much time for pleasure. But she is happy as she is. Perhaps if she were to change place with another woman she would probably not do it.

On the whole Chinese women do a lot of hard work. And they seemed to bear it without any trouble. This woman is no exception.

She will continue to work and save and when she has enough she would return home and spend the rest of her life there.

Little Girl, What Now?

Young
Long ago when I was about six years old, I remembered a family living right next door to us. The family was composed of nine persons. I remembered that they lived up in that house for more than four years.

Now it seems so strange that I am writing a story about them. They were friends of my mother. When they were living next to us, I did not pay any attention to their lives and affairs.

The story about these people is very uncommon. One seldom hears of such a family story.

The nickname of the man is Slim. He is over six feet tall and he is very thin indeed. Lanky and gawky. His face is full of enlarged pores that appear to be red. His wife left him for over six years. She took the two smallest children with her. Both are girls. One son is in China right now. The second son. The oldest son who went back to China when he was a boy is over here now. No one knows where the mother and the two little girls are. Or what they are doing. The father is working with the oldest son. All the other boys are going to school. They all live together in a little four room house which is not big enough to hold everything.

Today the family, or what's left of it, is getting along the best they could. Without the care of a woman the children do not pay any attention to their appearance or the appearance of the house. Things are scattered all over the place. The clothes of the little boy could stand a little washing. They always appear as if they needed a bath or a haircut. The father is too busy with his affairs to take care of the children. The children themselves are too lazy to care for themselves.

And in the streets the old women whispered, "Conditions are like that without the care of a woman in the house. It is a pity. The wife is no good or she would not leave her husband. To think that the children could have the courage to go out in the condition they are in. It is too shameful."

Many years ago a family moved out of Fresno to Oakland. They rented a house in Chinatown. The house was big enough to live in although it was not very large. The father had been in the sign-painting business for many years in that town, but he decided to come out to Oakland as the conditions here were better. When he moved out he did not have much money to his name. It happened that we were living right next door to them. The man got acquainted with us. We had a little store right next door to the man's house. The man was finally offered a job to work for us at a small salary. It was enough for him to buy food but was insufficient to pay for the rent, gas, water, and electric. For many months the man borrowed money from us to pay for the bills that he owed the companies. We obliged as we wanted to help the man out. Although we were a large family we were able to lend him money without suffering any ill effects. Month after month the same thing happened. We knew it could not go on forever. So one day the man was told that he must find another job for himself which would give him better pay. He did. He made more money but he did not make enough to pay back his debts to us. It was here that the gambling business helped him out. He bought a ticket one day and he won. He won over a thousand dollars. He ^{paid} ~~pay~~ back all of his debts to us.

But money was too much of a temptation for him. He was tempted to spend it on things that were unnecessary. It was at

this time that money began to destroy him. He began to spend it on opium. He acquired the habit until he was spending more than five dollars a day. Later the price of opium went up and he was spending more than ten dollars a day. The wife was very patient and stood it all out. She knew that it was too late for the man to break his habit. The man began to ^{lose} ~~lost~~ weight and soon he was like a living skeleton. On days that he had no opium to smoke he grew listless and tired and he appeared a little strange. On those days he was very cranky and quarrellsome. The moment he had a little opium he was an entirely different man. He talked, laughed, and chatted with anyone like an ordinary person. But the price of opium was slowly but effectively taking its course. The man's face became pale and sickly like an anemic. His body was just bones covered by a thin layer of dissipated flesh.

Now the wife was very young and beautiful. She had a fair complexion. Perhaps she was not the type of person to become a wife. She was delicate and charming. Men turned around and look at her twice when she was taking a walk down the streets. She attracted attention without trying. She had, as the Americans called it, IT. She grew tired of family life and bearing children. She wished to enjoy life while life was young. Her husband although not old in years was old in spirit. All that he care for now is his opium. Other things in his life were forgotten while puffing away at the curse of the poppy. His ambition, his life, his wife, his family, all were but vague memories in his mind while drowsing away at the opium shop.

The wife could not stand the monotony of such a life.

She ran away from home with a brother who sympathized with her. However, she later came back to her husband because of the persuasion of the children and the husband. The man promised to break his habit of opium smoking. He did for a week. But the temptation was too great. He went back to the opium again. It was unavoidable.

Now something happened that could reunite this family again. But ~~it~~ ^{it} did not due to the man's fault. One night while enjoying the hilarious drowsiness of the pipe, the man was arrested in a raid. He was sentenced to six months ~~of~~ of jail. Now the wife was happy as she knew that in jail the husband could break his habit. The first few weeks in jail the husband was in a sort of nightmare. Without his smoke he was not himself. He took sick, but day by day and little by little he managed to get along. At the end of six months he was an entirely different man. He was once more the strong virile man again. He gained a great deal weight. He seemed to be a new man ready for a new life. The wife was extremely happy to see her husband like the former man she once knew.

But once more that old devil, opium, reared its ugly head into the scene. The temptation was urging, pushing, waiting. It beckoned, it urged, and finally it conquered. The man was once again on his way down the road to ruin. This time he will never come back. There will be no more conquering of the habit. This time he was doomed. He was finished. He was dead and yet alive.

The wife was truly disappointed. She left him once more. The husband started a frantic search for her, but all to no avail. Once in a while it is said that she was seen with this

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man and that man. She had become a woman of the streets. Today the family do not speak of her. The father wondered what had become of the two ^{smaller} ~~smallest~~ children. The son in China knew nothing as to what happened. Meanwhile the woman continued with her sensualization. The man with his opium. The children continued with their dull lives. All are content to let nature takes its course.

The man is forty-nine. He married in China when he was twenty-two. Came over with his wife immediately. All seven children are born in California. Five were born in Fresno. The other two in Oakland.

And so the earth keeps turning and the river flows on, but life, good and bad, goes on and on forever.

Over here in America the man worked in the sign-painting business. He took up the profession because he could do that sort of work. After a great success in the business he went back to get married. He brought his wife over and he continued with his business. And here the habit of a typical Chinese came in. He had one child after another. Soon 10 and behold there were five. And two more were yet to come. Seven children is just the average number of children in an oriental family. It has been said that every fourth child born in the world is a Chinese.

And that reminds us of something we heard.

A negro woman had given birth to three children. One of her friends told her that every fourth child born was a Chinese. The woman was terrified. When the friend asked her why, she answered, "I am expecting a fourth child soon."

The man because he had a family was not making enough to

support them. He moved out to Oakland thinking that perhaps out here conditions would be better. As it was, it did not make much difference. While the man was foolishly spending his money he did not pay for any of his bills that he owed the food stores. When a certain food store would not allow him any more credit, he went to another food store and buy from the foods there on credit. When that store would not allow him any more credit, he went to another store. Soon there was no store which he could buy from on credit.

People understood the situation the man was in and they did not make him pay too fast.

Once again the bad, gambling business came to aid him again.

This time he won five thousand dollars. He paid all of his bills. He paid all of his debts. Deducting all of his expenses he got about a thousand dollars left.

Now the man had a grand time spending it all.

Opium, opium, morphine...

These are familiar ^{words} ~~words~~ in the man's life.

He had injections in his arms. He wasted his time in pleasures. Life was sweet. Money, opium, lottery, all were enthralling. Pleasures, sex, women, all were desirable. Health, home, children, all were drowned in the web of life.

Life was whirling by. Life was precious. Money was getting scarce. So let us enjoyed, let us spent, let us hurried while we have time, while we have life.

Here is a man in whom opium destroyed every belief and almost every strength. And is he the sort of a father to be respected by his sons?

What could he teach his sons? Shall he tell them that if they acquired the habit they will be a dried-up and weakened like him? Should he tell them that life, home, and children are nothing so long as a person is an opium smoker? What should he teach them, the little innocent persons who remained unspotted by the years. Should he tell them about affairs in which love was murdered? Shall he tell them that life is but a net which is to snare and entangle men with falsified ideas?

Here is a man, a guilty, a polluted person. How could he implore his children to remain as they are? Must he not become a man again?

And the little boys and the little girls, what now?

The Old woman who died from Over-eating

~~The Ten Cents Woman~~

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I guess the one thing wrong with having a store is that people come in and ask for money now and then. Even though one does not ask for much, a little money given out each day would ^Uamont to a great deal of money in the long run. Sometimes a poor man with old broken rags would come in and ask for a dime or a nickel. Other times old men would come in and ask for anything they could get. Sometimes when I am in the store I would go into the kitchen and get something out for them. I would take one or two oranges, perhaps some pieces of bread and some crackers. These I would give to the poor men, and they would thank me for them. But when my brother or sister is in the store ^{he}they would not pay any attention to these old men. Because, as my brother said once, "You give things to these people once, then they would come back again and again until they are a nuisance." And strangely enough, everybody that has gotten anything from any of us come back not once, but threeⁿfour times, and we have a hard time getting rid of them, for they think they could go on getting things from us always. And since with a large family there is hardly anything left over from meals, we are fortunate to have enough for ourselves.

So I made up my mind that from now on if anybody comes into the store again, I would turn them away politely and then they would not come back ever again.

One day an old woman of about forty-five years of age came into the store. I was sweeping the floor, since

business was very quiet at this time of the day. At first I thought that perhaps the lady was a person who came in to buy something, but when I looked at her closely, I knew I was wrong. She was ragged looking, exhausted and completely tired out. Her face was all wrinkled up, and the lines were like deep canals streaked across her dried up face. She carried a big black bag in her hands, and she walked slowly, stooping toward the floor. She was rather tall, about five feet seven inches in height, and by her appearance I judged her to be forty-five years of age.

She came slowly toward me. "Is there something that I can do? Sweep the floors and wash the windows or perhaps you have some broken socks that I can mend," and she dangled a small pool of thread in front of my eyes.

By coming close to me, I could see that her shoulders were bent, and she talked in a voice that somehow managed to get breathless now and then.

"I have worked all morning," she said slowly, "and I haven't made enough yet. I got to pay rent and Christmas would be here soon." There was a sob in her voice, and she was indeed pathetic looking. Her gray hair were streaked in uneven masses around her wrinkled face.

"I don't know," I said, "I have to ask the boss first."

"Any kind of work, any kind of work, I'm willing to do," she pleaded, looking me straight in the eyes.

I ^{went} ~~###~~ in the back of the store where the boss was busily adding the figures of the month, and I said to him, "Outside there's a woman who is looking for work to do. I don't know

what to do with her."

"Tell her that there's nothing for her to do," the boss said. He was very busy and evidently he was having a little trouble with his figures. He was in a very bad temper.

"She said she was willing to do anything," I said.

"Tell her there's nothing today," the boss said in a cross voice. There was nothing to do except to go out and tell the woman that there was no work for her. But when I turned around there she was standing in the doorway looking at the two of us.

"I got to have work to do, I must. My rent is due tomorrow and I have to pay it. I do anything and do it cheap."

She kept staring at the floor.

"I can sweep this floor and clean it up for you." She saw the broom in the corner, and she picked it up and began sweeping the floor. The boss just sat there and didn't pay any attention to the old woman. I went out to the front of the store again. After awhile I heard mumblings coming from the back of the store and the sound of the broom scratching on the wooden floor. I went inside to see how the work was going on. The boss was sitting near the window still struggling with the figures. The old woman had taken off her coat and was busily sweeping the place up. She was wearing a plain gingham dress, very dirty and old, and her long woolen underwear with long sleeves came slipping down to her elbows. Her hands were all shriveled up, like the sagging skin of a dry apple. Her lips kept moving, and strange sounds came out of her mouth. I stood there and looked at her, but she

did not notice me at all. All the time that she was working she did not stop muttering to herself. When she finished the boss asked her, "How much?"

"Ten cents," she said.

The boss was surprised not quite believing his eyes that he had heard right.

"Only ten cents?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Can you clean rooms?"

"I do any kind of work," she said.

"You can clean the room at the back," the boss told her.

The woman took off her coat and went into the small room. She came out very soon, in fact too soon that it made me suspicious. How could anyone clean a room that fast and do a good job of it. The boss took out fifty cents from his pocket and gave it to the woman. I could see that she was badly shaken up, for she probably hadn't seen a fifty cents piece for a long time. With trembling hands she put her coat on and went outside. She was unable to say anything.

After she left, I said to the boss, "That woman is kind of crazy."

"Go back to your work," the boss said loudly. I was completely taken back, for he had never spoken to me like that. All afternoon I could see that the boss was uncomfortable, and I was greatly puzzled by the way he acted. I began to think of the ten cents woman and wondered why she affected the boss in such a strange manner.

The next morning at six in the morning I heard the

front door bell ringing. I was asleep in the back of the store, but the continuous ringing woke me up. I dressed quickly. The boss didn't come to the store until nine or ten.

I opened the door and there the ten cents woman was standing, holding her black bag and the small pool of thread.

"What do you wish?" I asked her, while she was mumbling to herself.

"Is there any work for me today?"

"The boss isn't here yet," I told her.

She came close to me and spoke almost into my face.

"Any kind of work, any kind, ten cents, just ten cents. Sweep the floors, or old socks to mend, ten cents. My rent is due, please, ten cents."

I came into the store, and she followed me right in and refused to leave.

"The boss would not be in until nine," I told her.

"Just ten cents, mister, ten cents," she kept on saying.

There was nothing that I could do except to pay no attention to her. I told her to stay in the store and wait for the boss. I went back to sleep. When I woke again at nine, she was standing at the exact place where I left her, mumbling to herself. When the boss came in I told him about the woman. He told her to dust the shelves and ~~##~~ sweep the store out. She did a very poor job of it. She made such a mess of the shelves that I found it necessary after she left to rearrange everything. After she finished work, she collected her money and went away. She was getting to be a nuisance, not

being able to do good work, and mumbling to herself all the time.

Late in the afternoon of the same day she came back again, muttering and saying that her rent was due and that she would do any work for ten cents. She refused to leave, and when the boss came out again he saw her. He gave her a dime and told her to go away.

I had a great deal of trouble with her. She came at all hours, sometimes three or four times a day and every day she said the same things about her rent and so forth. Whenever the boss was around, he would give her a dime. Sometimes I would give her a dime so that she would go away and not bother me. All during the Christmas week she came and went. After Christmas I saw her no more. She seemed to have disappeared entirely away. The boss asked one day, "Did the ten cents woman come today?"

"She has not been in for many days," I told him.

The next day there was an article in the paper about a woman who had eaten herself to death. I recognized the picture as that of the ten cents woman.

"We should not have given her the money," the boss said, when I showed him the paper. "She probably saved it up and spend it in one big blow on Christmas."

In the days that followed I noticed that whenever I got a dime in my hand I would suddenly think of the ten cents woman and how she came and swept the floor, muttering to herself.

The days went by, but somehow I cannot forget her.

The man who gives out food tells him, "From now on, come every other week. We don't give out food every week now."

Stevens is surprised.

"Every other week?"

"Yes," the man tells him.

Stevens doesn't understand. He is puzzled.

He goes out into the street. He says to himself, "Pretty soon they'd say, 'Come every two or perhaps three weeks.' Hell, I'll stay home and I won't walk up here so far to get so little."

Old man Stevens ^{spits} ~~spat~~ into the ground, and squints his eyes.

He carries his food back to his half starved family.

"Well, we got this much this week anyway," he says to himself.

He ^{spits} ~~spat~~ into the sidewalk, and continues his way home.

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